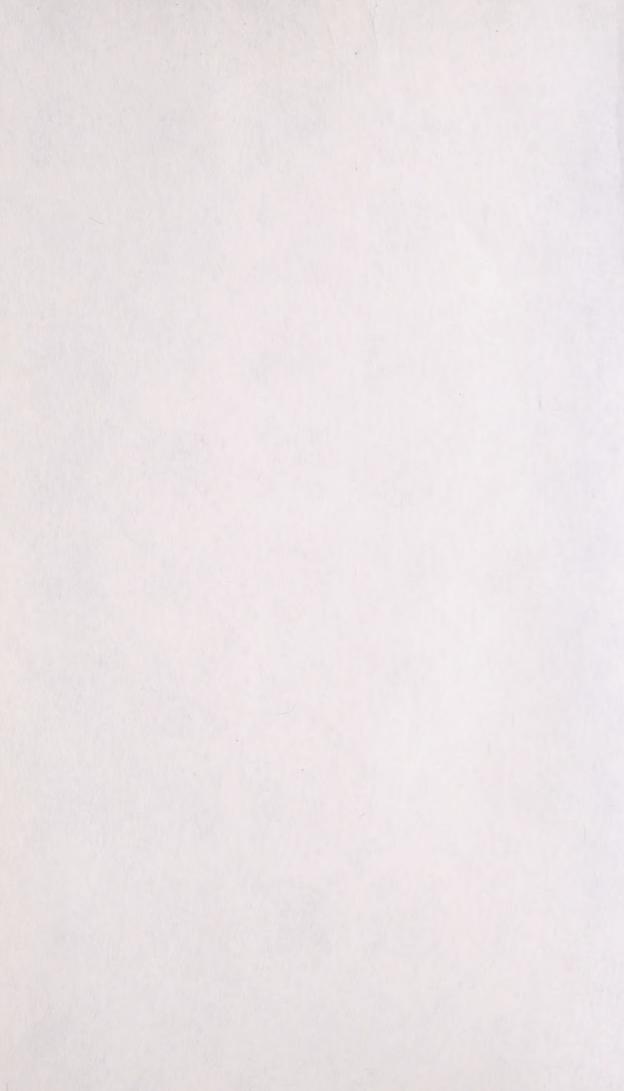
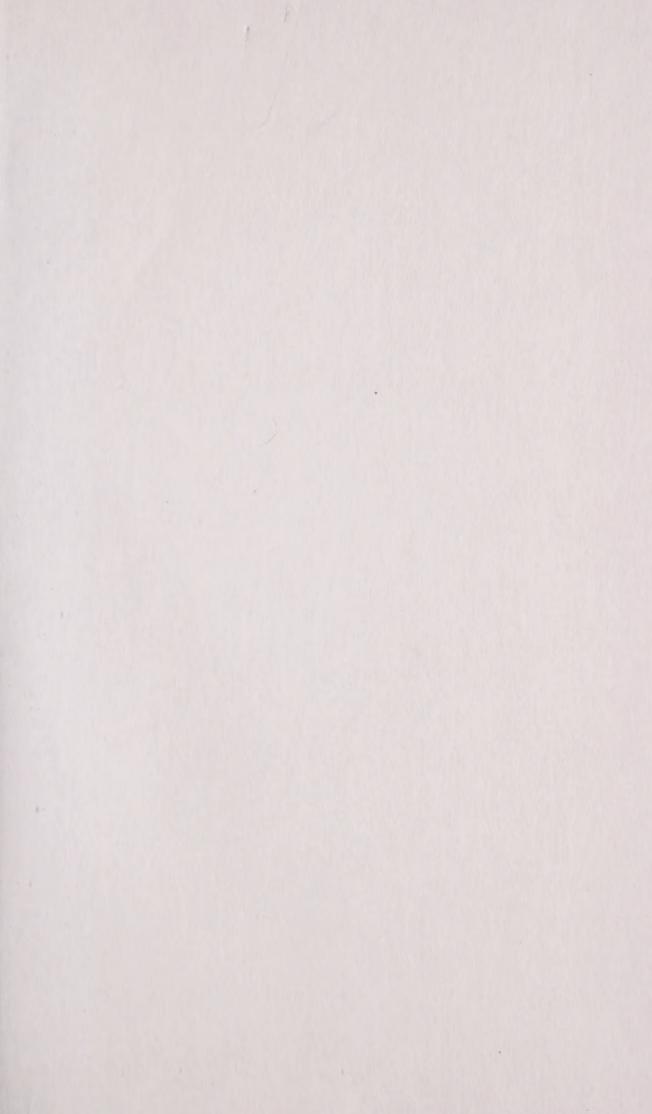
PZ 3 . M1723 Do

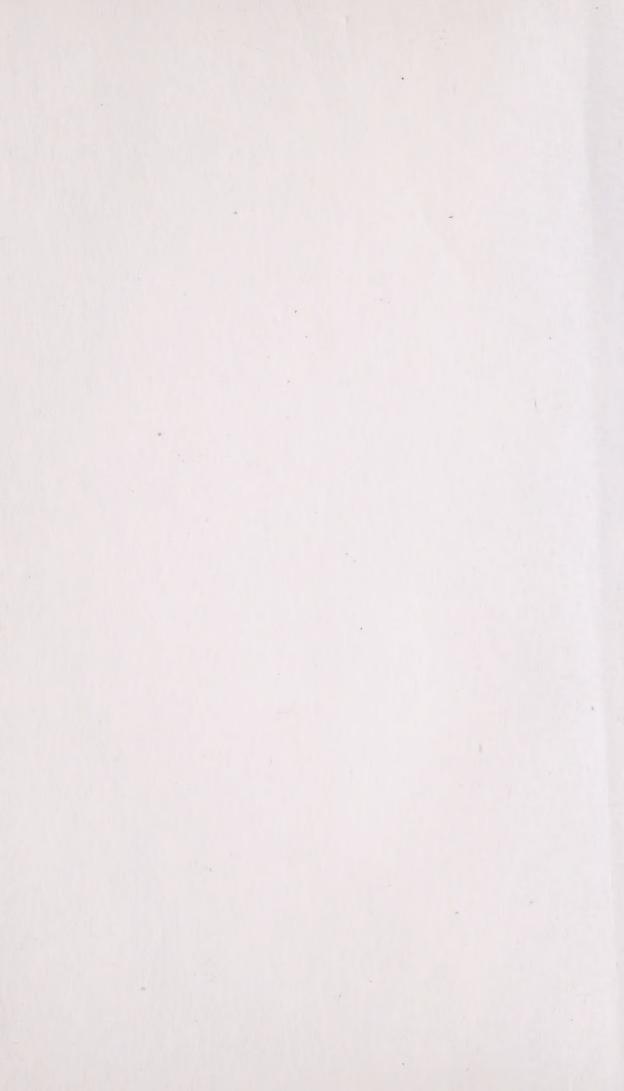
FT MEADE GenColl















To my twin sons, Jack and Tom, I affectionately dedicate these two small volumes. To Jack, "Down at Stein's Pass."
To Tom, "Down at Cross Timbers."

# DOWN AT STEIN'S PASS

- A-

### ROMANCE OF NEW MEXICO

—By—

P. S. McGEENEY,

Author of DOWN AT CROSS TIMBERS.



1909 Angel Guardian Press Boston, Mass.

PZ33D0

Copyright, 1909, by ; P. S. McGeeney.

## CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	A GOVERNMENT SURVEY.	I
II.	THE LONE CABIN ON THE PLAINS.	6
III.	THE CAVERN IN THE MOUNTAINS.	10
IV.	THE STAGE COACH HOLD-UP.	15
V.	STEIN'S PASS. OUR FIRST MEETING WI	HTH
	PAT GARRETT.	19
VI.	LIVINGSTON'S RANCH, NEAR THE GILA.	25
VII.	LORDSBURG. PURSUED BY GERONIMO	. 32
VIII.	THE MURDER OF THE LIVINGSTONS.	37
IX.	A RIDE FOR LIFE.	42
X.	BACK AMONGST THE OLD FOLKS.	49
XI.	AFTER DARKNESS CAME LIGHT.	53
XII.	THE MISSING PAPERS.	59
XIII.	ON THE TRAIL.	65
XIV. WHAT MY VISIT TO LIVINGSTON'S RANCH		
	BROUGHT FORTH.	72
XV.	THE SECRET DIED WITH HIM.	78
XVI.	PAT GARRETT'S VOW.	82
XVII.	TEN YEARS AFTERWARDS.	87
XVIII.	MARCIA LEWIS.	94
XIX.	FOUND AT LAST.	104

#### CHAPTER I.

#### A GOVERNMENT SURVEY.

AS I sit alone to-night, listening to the moaning of the wind, and the sound of the rain beating upon the roof, together with the vivid flashes of lightning and the distant roar of thunder, it calls back to my memory with a shudder, the night I spent in a desolate little cabin, on the plains of southwestern New Mexico.

I was one of the government engineers sent to the wilds of New Mexico to complete the unfinished survey commenced some years before, but which was never completed on account of the outlaws that infested that country; these, in conjunction with the roving bands of Indians, kept the engineer corps from finishing the lines which were partly run through that country.

Our party consisted of twenty-five men, including the cook, and our outfit three four-mule teams, and three burros—the burros were kept to convey food and

water for our noon-day meal.

It was customary that every morning one of the men would start with the laden burros, to some point agreed upon, a hill, mountain, clump of trees, or some other object, that he would reach that point at noon, where he would wait until the arrival of the men, and after the meal was served he would start the burros back for the camp. The day and night in question, which I will write about, is in every sense of the word, true, and taken from facts as they occurred.

I was detailed upon this particular morning to drive the burros to a certain hill, which could be plainly seen in the distance. After the morning sun had driven the mists skywards, not a cloud appeared on the horizon, and not a breath of air stirred the leaves or the bushes which grew around our camp. After strapping the packs securely upon the burros' backs, and securing my arms, I threw my Winchester over my shoulder, and started for my destination. Taking a southeasterly direction across the plains, I concluded that I would reach the base of the hill where we agreed to meet at about ten o'clock; this would give me about two hours to rest before the survey would overtake me.

I walked along at a swinging gait, sometimes whistling, sometimes singing, as nothing occurred to detain me, and at last I reached the appointed place as I had intended, about two hours before the men would arrive. After I had taken the packs from the burros, I placed them underneath a shelf-like niche in the shade of the rock, so that the heat of the sun would not spoil their contents, I lay down beside them to watch the burros, which after being relieved of their loads, commenced to roll. When they were satisfied with this pastime, they started to graze upon the small leaves of some stunted mesquite bushes, which grew a short distance from where I had camped.

How long I had lain in the shade of the friendly

rock I cannot tell. I must have fallen asleep, for when I awoke the sun had almost disappeared behind the distant hills, but it was still light enough for me to see plainly my surroundings. The burros, together with their packs, had disappeared as if the ground had opened and swallowed them. I was bewildered. There I stood alone upon the bleak hillside, not a habitation within miles of me, and the camp which I had left that morning was at least ten miles distant, the direction of which I had forgotten. Night was fast approaching, and with its arrival came a storm. I was at my wit's end, and I must admit that I was badly frightened.

I was just fresh from the East, and having heard about the awful Indian outrages, and the cruelties perpetrated by the lawless bands of renegade white men, who at that time infested the mountains, and plains of that country, increased my fear tenfold, and every sound made my hair stand upon end, and the thoughts that passed through my mind were indescribable. Darkness was fast closing around me and I concluded to stay in the shelter of the friendly rock where I had slept so soundly during the heat of the day, protected

from the sun's blistering rays.

I seated myself upon the edge of the rock and was lost in meditation upon my lonely condition. I had pictured to myself that I would die of starvation; how the wolves would fight over my remains, and how my bones would bleach under the sun's cruel rays;

and it makes me shudder even now, when I think of

that awful night.

Then I pictured to myself the anxiety of the loved ones at home; how they would wait in vain for the letter that never came, of tidings of one they loved so well. How long my musings continued is not in the scope of recollection; the air was dry and sultry, and a storm was fast approaching. In the distance could be heard the dismal howls of a pack of coyotes, which did not add any charm to my surroundings.

The howling of the wolves came nearer and nearer. How could I defend myself against so many, in the darkness? I tightened my pistol belt and saw that my knife was near at hand. I took my rifle and crawled up the hill to the rock which was to be my home during the long, dreary night. I stood upright for an instant when my heart leaped within me and my

blood seemed to freeze in my veins.

In my imagination I heard a sound, a human voice hallooing far down the valley; that sound, that voice, whether it was friend or foe was welcome to my ears. I strained my eyes gazing into the inky blackness of the night and with all my might I tried to penetrate its darkness.

I watched and listened for a time, which seemed ages to me, and my efforts to locate the sound were at last rewarded by some one hallooing at the top of his voice. I looked in the direction from whence the sound came and there before my vision was a spark, an earthly light made by the hand of man. Could my

eyes deceive me? No, this could not be; for there it shone, bright as a beacon light, on that bleak, desolate plain. I started towards it upon a run not caring where it might lead me to. Once I fell heavily upon the ground and lay for a time stunned and

bleeding.

On rising to my feet I found that my left knee was badly sprained and it was with much difficulty that I could walk. As I struggled along I found consolation whenever my eyes rested upon the light which appeared at times out of the awful darkness. The wind commenced to blow and in the distance could be heard the rumblings of thunder; vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the heavens. All these changes I noted as I painfully trudged along lessening the distance between the hill, my haven of rest, and the light, not more than a quarter of a mile below me.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### THE LONE CABIN ON THE PLAINS.

I STRUGGLED bravely on, and although my knee pained me beyond human endurance, a prayer rose to my lips, and I thanked God for my deliverance.

I paused near the cabin hesitatingly to debate with myself what would be the best plan for me to pursue. Before I could form one the bottom seemed to fall out of the clouds and the rain poured down in torrents; never in all my life had I witnessed such a violent storm.

The rain spurred me to action and I hesitated no longer. I opened the door of the cabin and as I stood upon the threshold I observed the surroundings: Seated around a rude table were three rough looking men, as rough looking as I had ever beheld in my life. Upon the floor, lying in a corner near the fire which illuminated the whole interior, was a man about forty years of age. His smooth-shaven face, demeanor and clothing denoted that he was a refined and educated man, and upon closer inspection, I noticed that his feet were bound together and his hands were securely fastened behind his back; upon seeing me his features lit up with a hopeful expression; it flashed through my mind that he was a PRISONER.

How long I might have stood there before those around the table would have noticed me, I cannot tell.

I advanced a few steps before they were aware of my presence. One of the men looked up from the map he held upon the table and at the same moment reached for his pistol. Then he addressed me.

"Pard, where be yer from?" and covered me with

his pistol.

Many things passed through my mind as I gazed into the depths of the barrel of the revolver, aimed at my heart. Again before my vision came the picture of my dead body, the wolves fighting over it, and the anguish upon the faces of my loved ones at home.

In a short space of time all my life's actions, good and bad, had passed before my mind's eye, and for the first time I became aware how sweet it was to live; and I was not prepared to die. After my surprise was over I found my voice, and related to them all that had happened to me since I had left camp. A look of mistrust passed over their faces. Not a word was spoken by any of them. Imagine my surprise, a few moments later, to find myself securely bound, hand and foot, and thrown into the corner with the other man whom I first observed as I entered the cabin.

God only knew the agony I was about to endure. My knee had swollen twice its normal size, and the ropes that bound me commenced to eat into my flesh. Hunger was now gnawing at my vitals, but this I soon forgot, and it was nothing in comparison with the other pains I was enduring. On more than one occasion tears found their way to my eyes, but I crowded them

back and was ashamed less some of my captors might see my weakness. I tried to forget my sufferings in sleep, but this was denied me.

The wind would moan around the chinks in the cabin and the thunder would crack with a deafening roar, as if some mighty armies were in mortal combat.

How I spent that dreary night I cannot tell. Despair had at last entered my soul and I asked myself over and over again if there was a God above, let Him show Himself in mercy to me. My sufferings were so intense that I must have swooned away for some time, for the first thing that I remember was that some one dashed a bucket of water into my face and I awoke almost strangled; there stood the trio of rough looking men armed to the teeth, and I was not long in coming to the conclusion that we were about to leave the cabin. One of our captors cut the ropes that bound us, and bade us arise. The other prisoner succeeded in rising to a standing position, but try as I would, I could not stand. It seemed that it would be impossible for me to ever walk again.

The pain that I was enduring was excruciating, and when the outlaws were satisfied as to my condition and physical strength they bore me out of the cabin and plac ed me upon a horse. The other man mounted his horse with much difficulty, and the order was given to march, and we started off in a southern direction across a beautiful valley. On one side ran a small river, which contained an abundance of pure fresh water. On the other side the hills rose in peaks, covered with various

kinds of vegetation, which grows in extensive proportions in that climate.

#### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CAVERN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

As near as I can remember it was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when we drew rein and ascended a small canyon, for a quarter of a mile, and stopped in front of a cave. The entrance was completely hidden by a small clump of bushes. We were ordered to dismount and to my surprise I found that I could walk unassisted. We entered the cave which was almost fifty feet square. Around the walls were constructed about fifteen rude beds and sitting near a small desk-like table was a very tall and handsome man; his dark, bead-like eyes seemed to penetrate you, to read your inmost thoughts.

Without taking his gaze from off my face he asked one of my captors who I was, and he replied, that I was a Government officer, and had come sneaking around while they were camped in the cabin, the night

before, and he just brought me along.

With a wave of his hand he bade me retire and I was taken to the far end of the cave, and was given one of the rude beds to rest upon. My hunger knew no bounds, as I had not tasted food for six and thirty hours. I was very weak and my knee pained me beyond endurance. One of my captors on seeing my sinking condition brought me food—a piece of bread

and a chunk of dried beef. I did not wait for ceremony but devoured the bread and meat until the last

crumb was gone.

I felt better and tried to see the silvery lining in the black cloud which had darkened my horizon. I lay down upon my rude bed, thinking of the chain of events which had occurred since I had left the camp. Would the boys turn out and look for me? What had become of the burros and their packs? Many other questions I asked myself, but I could not find suitable answers for any of them. My thoughts had turned to the idea that was uppermost in my mind: How was I to escape? I put the thought of escaping from me at this time, as my condition would keep me amongst them for the present.

What had become of the other prisoner? He was the more important of the two. Why was he a prisoner? This I could not answer. After taxing my brain until I was exhausted, I fell into a deep sleep, and awoke the next morning very much refreshed. Everything was quiet within the cave, and as my eyes became accustomed to the dim, uncertain light, which penetrated the cavern through the opening which we had entered the evening before, I became aware that every bed in the room was filled with men, and all were asleep. The time had arrived for me to make my escape, so I left my bed and crawled painfully along upon my hands and knees to the entrance of the cave, and was in the act

of passing out when some one upon the outside commanded me to halt. My heart stopped beating for an instant, and this command struck terror to me.

I was so near to liberty and it was denied me. If my condition would have permitted me, I would have done battle with the owner of that voice, for my liberty.

I was conducted back through the cave into a smaller one, where all light was excluded. I was securely fastened by a chain to a ring in the wall, where I was left alone; not a sound disturbed the stillness except the retreating echoing foot falls of my captor. In my condition many thoughts passed through my brain. How long must I stay buried in the bowels of the earth? I groped my way around the damp walls, to see if there was an opening other than the one I had entered by. My efforts were at last rewarded for one of my hands fell into space. I next examined the chain that held me to the wall, and imagine my surprise to find that in some unsuspected manner the chain had become unfastened from the wall. My joy knew no bounds when I knew that I was free. How much that word meant to me!

I groped my way through the opening with the chain hanging to my waist, following the winding passage

until I ran against a solid wall of rock.

I must confess that I was becoming alarmed and the inky blackness of my surroundings did not add balm to my over-wrought nerves. I stopped to collect my scattered senses, not knowing which way to turn, and I had come to the conclusion that I would retrace my

steps back to the cavern where I was held a prisoner. I had made a step or two in that direction when I was suddenly brought to a standstill by a sound; a sound that floated to my ears as if it had escaped from human lips, which made my blood freeze within my veins; then a moan; this was followed by one word, "Help!" I was as if petrified. Could this passage contain anyone in more need of help than I? My thoughts reverted again to my fellow-prisoner of the day before. I became brave and called back in a guarded tone:

"Who called for help?"

A voice so unnatural, so full of despair, answered back, "HELP! For the love of God, HELP!"

I started forward directed by the sound of the voice

and with much difficulty found its owner.

At this moment a happy thought entered my mind, and I reached into the pocket of my shirt and there to my satisfaction I found a small number of matches. How I ever had forgotten their existence I can not tell. I lit one of the matches, and as it illumined the darkness, I surveyed my surroundings. There upon the floor, chained to the stone wall, was the man whom I had first accosted in the cabin.

I will not try to describe the look of anguish that was spread over his features; for all that was in my mind at that time was a plan for the most expeditious means for his release.

I took the chain in my hands and examined it, link by link, until I had reached the ring in the wall, which I found was almost eaten up with rust. With a superhuman effort I tore the ring asunder, and he was free. I lit another match and explored the surrounding walls of the cave and my search was rewarded by finding a small door at the top of a short flight of stairs, which were hewn out of the solid rock.

Together we ascended the stairs and with much difficulty I opened the door. To my surprise a breath of pure fresh air fanned my brow. What a Godsend it was, an elixir to our falling hopes, which fanned us into action.

We started up the passage which gradually grew narrower as we ascended, so that we were obliged to proceed single file. I started forward and my companion brought up the rear, holding onto the chain

that was fastened around my waist.

We struggled along in the darkness in this manner for a space of time, which seemed ages to us, and when we were about to give up in despair, through weakness, a faint glimmer of light came down the passage way, as a message from above, to stimulate and spur us onward to the goal, to a successful termination of our weary march from the loathsome bowels of the earth. We pushed forward as fast as our tottering legs would carry us, and after a laborious ascent of about a half hour, we found ourselves emerging from an opening at the top of a hill. We sank upon the ground and a silent prayer rose to our lips.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE STAGE COACH HOLD-UP.

NEVER in all my life did Mother Earth seem so beautiful. The sun beamed fiercely down upon us, but we never cared for that for we were glad to see its grand light once again. We rested for a short time while I removed the chains that clung to us during our escape through the passage from the cave.

For the first time since we came into the light of day I noticed the gaze that my companion cast upon me. He was trying to find words which would ex-

press his thoughts. At last he exclaimed:

"Young man, whom have I the honor to thank for my release? What is your name?"

"Alden Raymond."

"My name," offering his hand, "is Livingston, Patrick Livingston. And your home, Mr. Raymond?"

"Is in Boston."

"At another time Mr. Raymond, when we are in a place of safety, I will tell you something of my life and of my family, as this is neither the time nor place to exchange confidences."

I agreed with him in this matter, and when we had rested for some short time, we were both of the opinion that it was high time for us to move to a more secure neighborhood, as there was no telling how soon our escape would be discovered and a search be instituted

for our capture again.

Before choosing a route we looked up and down the valley, then over the plain to discover if there was a trail visible that we might follow.

Off in the distance we noticed a cloud of dust and a

dim speck appeared upon the horizon.

We watched it as it grew larger and larger; on it came winding around a clump of bushes here, and a boulder there, and as it came nearer we could plainly see that it was a stage coach drawn by a three double-mule team. On the top of the coach we could see the driver coil and uncoil his long lash, which he sent spinning after the leaders. On the seat beside him sat another man, evidently the express messenger; a rifle was held in the hollow of his arm.

We hesitated no longer and hailed the stage as a ship-wrecked sailor hails a sail. We started as fast as our tottering legs would carry us, keeping the coach in sight as we ran. From the opposite direction another cloud of dust was visible, and as it drew near we could distinguish a band of horsemen. At that time the stage was hidden from view as it had descended into a small creek. As we pressed on we could see that the stage was heavily laden with passengers and mail.

The mules were standing in the middle of the stream satisfying their thirst. We pushed on as fast as we could and hallooed to the driver who saw us and was awaiting our approach.

When we were about three hundred yards from the coach we saw the horsemen approaching, and as they descended into the creek we recognized them as our captors. Needless to say, Mr. Livingston and I commenced to look for a place of safety, which we found by falling down flat upon the ground among some tall bunch grass which skirted the creek. We watched until they had surrounded the stage.

A shot rang out and I saw one of the men reel from his saddle, then another shot was heard, and the brave messenger fell from his seat upon the top of the coach

into the creek.

There before our eyes was a hold-up in true western style; the leader of the outlaws aimed his rifle at the driver's head and commanded him to drive out of the water to dry land. There was nothing left for him to do but comply with his request.

When the stage had driven out of the water the chief ordered all of the passengers out in a row, and we could see him collecting everything of value from all of the passengers; even the women had to part with their

jewels.

After he had finished collecting toll he next turned his attention to the treasure box of the express company; while he was engaged breaking it open two others of the gang were ripping open and pilfering all the valuables contained in the mail pouches.

When they had secured everything of value they picked up their dead companion, strapped him upon

his horse and hastily rode away leaving nothing but sorrow behind them.

When they were out of sight, we went to the assistance of the driver who was trying to place the body of the dead messenger upon the top of the coach. While we were assisting him with his gruesome task, the rest of the passengers took their places inside. After placing the corpse where it would not fall off we gathered up the broken treasure box, and what was left of the mail pouches. After securely fastening them to the back of the stage, we climbed upon the top, Mr. Livingston taking the vacant seat beside the driver, and I a place beside the dead messenger; then we started off.

#### CHAPTER V.

STEIN'S PASS. OUR FIRST MEETING WITH PAT GARRETT.

THERE was no one whom we cared to ask regarding our destination, as there was sorrow in every heart for the brave man who did not shirk from duty, and gave his life to protect the property intrusted to his care; so we continued our journey in silence, as every one was busy with his own thoughts. By hard driving all the afternoon we reached a small town known as "Stein's Pass."

I am sure that there was never a happier pair than Mr. Livingston and myself as the stage rumbled down the only street and stopped in front, of an inn, known as the "Cowboy's Rest."

How grateful we were to our host Jimmie, Little, who saw at a glance our pitiful condition. After we had satisfied our hunger we retired to a room and were

soon in the land of dreams.

"O blessed sleep, how thou dost blot out by thy mysterious power, the keen sense of pain which causes tears to flow from the eyes and wrings without pity the

poor bleeding heart of man!"

When I arose the next morning, the sun was slowly coming up over the distant hilltops, and with its ascent my spirits rose. After a hasty bath I descended and as I stepped upon the veranda, in front of the inn, I

was greeted by a cheery "Good morning, Alden, my boy. How do you find yourself this morning?"

"Never better in my life, Mr. Livingston," I replied. "I was thinking, Alden," Mr. Livingston continued, "that if I could persuade you to go with me to my ranch, and if agreeable I would give you charge of the place, as I must soon return to the East; and I have no one that I can entirely trust during my absence. I can never thank you enough for liberating me from the hands of those men who sought my life. Come, now, what do you say? I can trust you and we can get along famously together."

I hardly knew what to say for the terms that he offered me were tempting. I was in duty bound to serve out my time until the end of the year with the Engineering Corps, and finish the work we had undertaken for the Government. He noticed my hesitation and said, "Your conscience seems to have something to say in this matter; never mind it, this time; come with me. I cannot get along without you, for I can never repay you for all that you have done for me."

There was such a look of entreaty upon his face, and I could read that he meant it all, every word from the bottom of his heart, I hesitated no longer, and told him that I would accept the place he offered me upon his ranch. Tears came into my eyes as he took me by the hand and said, "Alden, my boy, my son, you are the staff I will lean upon. To you I will intrust my life, my family, my honor, and my all. I will love you as my son,

and when we reach home I will show you proofs of my sincerity."

"I am not asking, nor do I care for any further proof than is written upon your honest face. In it I can read patience, character, and good will to all men. These are all the proofs I want, Mr. Livingston."

"Thank you, Alden, for the confidence you have in me; it shall never be betrayed. Ah, there is the bell;

let us have breakfast."

As we drew our chairs to the table the landlord, Mr. Little, introduced us to Pat Garrett, Sheriff of Grant County, who had received special instructions from the Governor of New Mexico to take the field in person against the organized band of outlaws, under the leadership of "Billie the Kid," who at that time was overbold in committing crimes against the laws of God and man. No better man than Pat Garrett could be found in all New Mexico to undertake the task of ridding the country of such a lawless band.

After breakfast was over, I left Mr. Livingston talking with Pat Garrett on the veranda. Mr. Livingston was relating to him our adventures with the outlaws in the cave, and of the stage coach hold-up. Before he had finished his narrative I strolled down the street in search of a conveyance that would take us to Mr. Livingston's ranch, which lay half way between Stein's Pass and Lordsburg. About two blocks from the hotel I came across a little dilapidated shack constructed out of warped cotton-wood lumber. Over the door was a sign which told me that I had found what I had

sought. After I had bargained for a team of horses and a spring wagon, I started back to the hotel and had retraced my steps about half a block when I was accosted by a man whom I took for a cowboy; at least his appearance denoted that he was a wild and woolly son of the plains. As I was about to pass him he addressed me:

"Morning, pard! You're a stranger in these parts, aint ver?"

I admitted that I was. Then he said:

"Don't you know that this is a very unhealthy elimate for such as you? I saw you and old man Livingston talking with Pat Garrett this morning, and I calculate, I had better warn the boys to look out for trouble, which is brewing. Take a good look at me, so the next time you see me you won't forget me."

"If my recollections have not played me false, I

have met you before."

"That you have, my boy, and pray that you may

never meet me again."

"Look here, braggart, you and your two pardners, that assisted you to bind me and make me a prisoner in the lonely cabin, on the plains, are base cowards and I am not afraid of any man in your gang, who so cowardly shot down one lone messenger in the hold-up of yesterday."

"Hush, sonny, don't let your temper run away with you. Go back to the hotel and give my regards to Pat Garrett and tell old man Livingston that we miss his company very much, and that the next time we will see that he does not sneak away from under our hospitable roof."

As he walked away he called back, "Just tell them that you saw 'BILLIE the KID'." Then he strode on.

Could it be possible that "Billie the Kid" could walk the streets of Stein's Pass and no one would attempt to capture him? He was without a doubt the coolest customer I had ever met. I started for the hotel, and upon reaching there I related my encounter with him, the most daring of outlaws. Mr. Livingston grew pale and looked with appealing eyes into the face of Pat Garrett, who only smiled as he picked up his rifle, and examined it, and as he was in the act of leaving he turned and said:

"Stay here until I return."

In the look which Mr. Livingston gave Pat Garrett, I read volumes. There was a mystery of some sort connecting Mr. Livingston and "Billie the Kid." And the more that I thought about it, the more fully convinced I was.

I reviewed in my mind what had transpired in the lone cabin on the plains, and the escape from the underground caverns of the Piloncillo mountains. I was called back out of my reveries by the voice of Mr. Livingston calling me.

"Alden, my boy, what are you thinking about? From your facial expressions there is something on

your mind which should not be there."

"I was thinking of all that had taken place in the last few days. The cabin on the plains, the caverns

in the mountain, the stage coach hold-up, the outlaws and their leader, 'Billie the Kid.' As you have not told me what caused you to be made a prisoner among this lawless band, I have been trying to solve the mystery by observation."

"You must not become impatient, for when we ar-

rive at the ranch I will enlighten you."

As he had finished speaking Mr. Little took a seat

beside me, (addressing),

"Mr. Livingston, has it occurred to you, sir, that this is the time of the year when we have the Indian uprisings in this country? As I was coming past the telegraph office, I heard the operator tell one of Pat Garrett's deputies that Geronimo, and his braves were on the war-path, and were now in the vicinity of Lordsburg, headed for the Piloncillo mountains."

"If this is the case, Mr. Little, they will pass through my place and stampede my cattle. I cannot wait for

Garrett to return."

So we bade our host an adieu and went to the telegraph office. The operator had just received a message addressed to Pat Garrett, Sheriff, Stein's Pass:

"I am advised that Geronimo is on the warpath and is headed for this place with a band of one hundred strong. Every man here armed. Have you any instructions for me?

HARVEY WHITEHILL, Deputy.

Lordsburg."

#### CHAPTER VI.

# LIVINGSTON'S RANCH, NEAR THE GILA.

BEFORE the operator had finished reading the telegram, Pat Garrett rode up and threw the reins of the horse he was riding to one of his men, and strode into the office. When he had finished reading the message the only remark he made was, "I hope the Government will soon find out that their pets, the Indians, are only to be trusted when they are dead. As I am going to Lordsburg, Mr. Livingston, I will go past your place, and I suggest that it would be safer for you there than to stay here. How many men have you?"

"Twenty, Mr. Garrett."

Without anything more being said upon the subject, we secured our conveyance and soon were on the road to the ranch, accompanied by Pat Garrett and ten men all armed to the teeth.

We drove about ten miles and at last drew up in front of a neat adobe cottage. This was known as the

Livingston ranch.

As Pat Garrett and his men rode off they waved their hands to us in a silent adieu, and we watched them until they passed over a hill in a cloud of dust about half of a mile further down the trail.

The afternoon was waning when we arrived at the ranch. As we entered the house we were accosted

by a Mexican who when he saw Mr. Livingston, looked astonished and exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Livingston, we have been expecting you for the past week, and Jack went to Lordsburg every

day, and is there now looking for you."

"Pedro, I have been on business in Stein's Pass, and while there I learned that Geronimo is on the warpath, and in the neighborhood of Lordsburg. Get your pony, ride hard, and tell Fred to put all the cattle in the west paddock, also tell him to bring the boys with him, and come in as fast as possible."

Pedro hesitated as if he had something to say, but

a look from Mr. Livingston unsealed his lips:

"I forgot to tell you, sir, that your brother was here

several times inquiring for you."

"My God!" exclaimed Mr. Livingston, "Some calamity is about to befall me! Francis Livingston here! This partly explains my capture by 'Billie the Kid', and our experience in the Piloncillo mountains."

Pedro had departed on his mission, and Mr. Living-

ston turned to me:

"No doubt, Alden, you are becoming deeply interested about the mystery that surrounds me, and now that we are alone, I will give you a detailed sketch of my life. But before I begin we must look to our arms. Here is a rifle and a pair of pistols for you. Take them and clean them up, for I expect there will be hot work for us to-night."

As we sat together cleaning our arms, he told me the

history of his life:

"My father was a Wall Street broker, and lived in New York. My mother was a Miss Mabel Goenlock of England, and my father met and wooed her there. They were married and for two short years lived in happiness. At my birth my mother died, and I never knew a mother's loving care. For almost twenty years my father never looked upon the face of another woman, and I was his sole companion. When I reached manhood, after finishing my education, my father sent me to Chicago, to enter into a banking institution, with which he was indirectly connected. I was installed in my new position about one year, when I received a telegram to hasten to New York, where my father met me at the station. He was so changed since I had left him a short year before. As he took me by the hand he addressed me: 'Patrick, my son, I am glad to see you, and your home coming has made me happy. have a surprise in store for you.'

"As we drove through the busy streets I pondered long over his words and actions. He seemed so young and gay. What had come over him, my father, who was always so grave? When we reached home and had entered the brilliantly lighted parlor the surprise that was in store for me was clear in an instant when he presented me to a tall, dark and beautiful woman as his wife, my new mother. Standing by her side was a dark handsome boy of sixteen. From the first glance I took at them, I became suspicious, and a

great dislike for them entered into my soul.

"Why was my father so blind? Why had he forgotten my saintly mother, and taken this woman into his heart to efface the image of her, his first love, and the mother of his child? When opportunity occurred I took him to task for this outrage. He only smiled and said, 'It is true and only right that you should feel animosity towards my wife and her son, whom you think have taken the place of your mother and yourself, but they cannot interfere with my love for you. You are my son, my flesh and blood, and I will not quarrel with

you, so let us be friends.'

"I said no more to him on this subject, but left for Chicago the next day. I loved my father dearly, and if he found happiness in becoming the husband of this woman and the foster-father of her child, I would not interfere with him. If he had forgotten her, my mother, I would not. Had she not given her life that I might live? and her sweet memory would ever live in my heart. I went back to my desk and by economy saved a small fortune. My father was pleased at my progress and he bought out the business, placing me at the head, and making his step-son my assistant. He was a very smart young man, and his kind and considerate actions towards me, completely won me and I grew to like him and had dispelled the dark suspicions that had once entered my mind. Our business prospered, and fortune smiled upon us. Without warning, a cloud darkened our horizon, for Francis Livingston was in serious difficulties and was compelled to flee from the United States. He took his share out of the business which

my father had given him, and left for parts unknown. On several occasions I honored forged checks drawn by him, just for my father's sake. While he was absent my father died leaving to his wife half of all of his possessions; the other half he bequeathed to me. This was too much for Francis Livingston, and he became my enemy, and his demands became unbearable. When I would not give him another penny he became furious, and I received a visit from him, and we parted in anger. From time to time I heard of his disgraceful actions, and of his threats against me and my family. It is at least ten years since I have set eyes upon him, and I am thoroughly convinced that it was by his orders that I was made prisoner by 'Billie the Kid.'

"This ranch I purchased some five years ago, and I come here every year accompanied by my wife and daughter, for the benefit of my health, returning in the autumn to my home in Chicago. I should have reached here about a week ago but as the train stopped at Lisbon, a party of armed men boarded the car I was in and took me prisoner. For what reason I cannot say, but I think Francis Livingston was at the bottom of it."

Here he was interrupted by the echoing hoof beats of a galloping horse, and upon looking out of the door we espied a fine looking man coming at a swinging pace towards the house. When he reached the door he vaulted out of his saddle, threw the reins upon the ground and strode into the house. A look of surprise

flitted over his honest countenance. He extended his

hand to Mr. Livingston.

"Where did you come from? I've haunted the station at Lordsburg for the last seven days, and could not either see or hear of you."

Mr. Livingston shook the proffered hand and said, "Glad to see you, Jack; this is my friend, Mr. Ray-

mond."

He took my hand and gave it a hearty squeeze.

"Glad to know you, sir."

I liked the big fellow for he was so manly. Turning, he said, "By the way, Mr. Livingston, I have a telegram for you which I received to-day."

Mr. Livingston took it and read: "Meet me at

Lordsburg, ten A. M. train, tomorrow."

"My God, Jack, this is awful! My wife and child coming and these Indian uprisings at white heat. What shall I do? Alden, can you not suggest some-

thing?"

Before I could reply all of the men belonging to the ranch rode up and swarmed into the house. They were an honest looking lot of men and loved their master. When they had finished their handshaking with him he called out:

"Boys," and they were all attention, "let me introduce to you my friend, Mr. Raymond, your new foreman." They all shook me by the hand and seemed pleased to see me.

"No doubt, boys, you have all heard about Geronimo, being on the war-path. You all know what it means,

so secure your arms at once, and when the time comes give a good account of yourselves. Fred, how are the cattle?"

"They are all quiet, Mr. Livingston."

Some of the men left the room, but soon returned with their arms. When every man was armed, and supplied with ammunition, they sat down to await instructions. Then Mr. Livingston addressed them:

"Listen attentively to what Mr. Raymond has to say.

His instructions must be lived up to the letter."

They were all attention, as I unfolded to them my plan of action. When I had finished I bade Jack and Pete to ride around the cattle, while Bill watched the trail leading from Lordsburg, and Charlie the one which led to Stein's Pass.

"As a sign of danger fire your rifles, and we will come to your assistance," I added. "The rest of you can

go to bed."

When I was alone with Mr. Livingston he asked me how I intended to act the next day relative to his family. I assured him not to be uneasy, as his family would be safely united with him; and he retired, feeling confident that I was equal to the occasion.

#### CHAPTER VII.

# PURSUED BY GERONIMO.

I SAT long into the night considering the plan I would pursue on the morrow. I reviewed every item in my mind and at last had formed a plan which, if carried out properly, would give us advantage over the Indians. When I had satisfied myself upon all technical points I went to bed, but I could not sleep; for the excitement of the last few days, and what was soon to come, robbed me of all desire to sleep. I rolled and tossed upon the bed until the first streaks of dawn announced the birth of another day. As the sun appeared over the distant hilltops I had left all boyhood fancies behind me, and stepped forth a man to fight the good fight against overwhelming odds.

After breakfast was over all of the boys had gathered together in the yard in front of the house. I issued the necessary instructions and put part of them to digging a small ditch about three hundred feet long, which would run into a ravine back of the stables.

After I had finished giving them instructions, Jack, Pedro, and I mounted our ponies and started to Lordsburg to escort Mrs. Livingston and her child back to the ranch.

We reached the town about an hour before the train was due, and while Jack was in search of a vehicle for the comfort of our guests, Pedro and I went to the station, there to await the arrival of Mrs. Livingston and her daughter.

The town was full of armed men and excitement was running high. Nothing was talked about but the

Indians.

The last report we had of them was that they were camped about three miles north of Lordsburg. A strong guard was placed north of the town, and scouts sent out from time to time to report their movements. In the distance we could hear the rumbling of an incoming train, which soon appeared and gliding gracefully, stopped in front of the little depot.

The first person to alight from the train was the conductor, who was greatly excited; coming towards me he

said, "Are you an officer?"

I replied, I was not, but that I was at his service at present and would assist him all I could.

He looked at me carefully for an instant and then

exclaimed:

"Tell Pat Garrett that Geronimo is on the march and we passed him not more than a mile from here."

This was enough for me, and I called Pedro and bade him go at once and not to stop until he found Pat Garrett.

"Tell him that Geronimo is not more than a mile from here, then meet us at the Red Butts. Notify every man in town if necessary. Now, go!"

He was off like an arrow, and as I turned to look for Jack I saw him approaching with a very beautiful

little girl about five years of age, and a stylishly dressed woman. They came smiling towards me, and Mrs. Livingston held out her hand to me. As I gazed into the beautiful eyes, and looked into the innocent face of the little child my heart went out to them. had comfortably seated them in the conveyance, we started for the ranch. Jack took a position on one side of the vehicle, and I rode on the other. We reached the Red Butts, but Pedro was nowhere visible. Acting on Jack's advice we pushed on and had descended into a valley, through the center of which ran a small stream, and here we tarried for a few minutes, and allowed our horses to quench their thirst, as the day was hot and the trail was very dusty. The trail lay through the valley for half a mile, and as we came out upon the open plain opposite to where we had entered, I turned in my saddle, and from where I was sitting, scanned over the trail behind us. As my eyes rested upon the lone butts, where we agreed to meet Pedro, I noticed a horseman coming at full speed. Our horses were in a gallop and I became oblivious of my surroundings, so intently was I watching the lone horseman who was bringing up our rear. Why he was riding so fast, on such a hot day, I could not conjecture. He was gaining upon us and had disappeared in the valley but only for an instant; as he came into sight out of the valley I noticed a cloud of dust behind the Red Butts, which grew larger and larger. Why was this, and what could it mean? I had no time to reflect for the lone horseman, who was in plain view, was Pedro; the

white flakes of foam were flying from the flanks of his pony, and when he had come within hailing distance he cried out:

"Geronimo!"

Jack heard his warning cry, as also did the driver who whipped his horses into a run. The cloud of dust behind turned into a galloping wiggling mass of redskins, mounted on ponies. Mrs. Livingston looked calmly into my face with an inquiring glance, which I interpreted

as, "Why such haste?"

Poor woman and beautiful child, little did they ever dream of the danger that was about to overtake them. We were nearly five miles from our destination and it was a race of life or death for us, and if we could keep up the pace we were going we would soon be safely housed at the ranch. But luck was against us, for one of the horses hitched to the vehicle stepped into a gopher hole and fell heavily upon the ground, breaking its neck. There was not a moment to lose, as the Indians were in plain view. I picked up the child and placed her before me in my saddle, Jack assisted Mrs. Livingston to mount behind him and the driver unhitched the remaining horse and we started. time we had lost by the accident caused the Indians to have a chance to gain upon us. On we rode as fast as our overburdened horses could carry us. All the time the Indians were rapidly gaining upon us. The gait we were going was telling upon our horses. Would they last until we reached the ranch? Jack's horse was fast failing and began to reel under its load.

Handing the reins to Mrs. Livingston he jumped out

of the saddle and vaulted up behind the driver.

We were on the last mile. Would we ever reach the ranch in safety? We could see the buildings plainly in the distance? On, on, we went. Jack's horse took a new lease of life, since his burden was reduced, and was some lengths in the lead. My pony began to lag and show weariness. The pace was telling on him, but Rocket knew that something unusual was expected of him that day, and he did not falter as we galloped up to the house. The Indians were not more than half a mile behind us.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE MURDER OF THE LIVINGSTONS.

RODE Rocket into the house, and on every side I could see the boys all in position with their rifle barrels protruding through chinks in the walls. I deposited my precious burden in the arms of her father and took a look down the trail. There was not a moment to lose. The Indians were fast approaching. When they were within five hundred yards of the house, twenty rifles spoke and as many redskins bit the dust. They commenced to retreat down the trail, and for a short time silence reigned supreme. kept a sharp lookout and noticed in the distance some smoke signals. These we could not interpret. The house with barricaded doors and windows had now become unbearable and close, and with a sense of security at the retreat of the Indians the boys became careless, and left their posts, and Mr. Livingston threw the doors wide open. The fresh air rushed in as a welcome refreshing guest to relieve us from terror and suffocation.

Little Beatrice was sitting in her mother's lap with her eyes wide open in astonishment. She looked up into my face and said:

"You won't let those bad men hurt us, will you, Mr.

Alden?"

I took her in my arms and assured her that all of the

boys would die before harm should come to her. Mrs. Livingston gazed into the face of her husband. Laying her hand gently upon his arm, she exclaimed:

"Patrick, I have a presentiment that all will not go well with us to-day. If anything should happen to

us is there anyone whom you can trust?"

"My dear Beatrice, my wife, every man here would die for us. I have the utmost confidence in every one of them, but I especially trust Alden Raymond."

Mrs. Livingston took my hand. "Swear, Mr. Raymond, promise me as you love your mother, that no matter what happens to us you will save my child, my

little Beatrice."

"Mrs. Livingston, I swear to you in the presence of the Almighty Creator of the universe, that as long as I have a drop of blood left in my veins, or a breath of life in my body, I will use it in her behalf, and save her if it is in my power."

As I finished speaking, Livingston placed a package

of papers in my hand.

"Alden, my boy, take care of them, and if I should

die never leave them out of your sight."

I took the papers and carefully concealed them in my bosom. Little Beatrice threw her arms around my neck and whispered in my ear:

"Please, Mr. Alden, get me some water, as I am so

thirsty."

I carried her through the house in search of water, but we could not find any. Poor little girl, she tried to be brave and talk, but her heart grew big, her

parched throat and swollen tongue lay as a mute on every sound of voice and she burst into sobs, and began to cry. This touched our hearts, and as I was looking out upon the trail, watching the movements of the Indians, one of the boys picked up a tin pail and started for a spring, which was partly hidden from view by a small clump of mesquite bushes, situated in a narrow ravine back of the stable. He had gone forth on his way to the spring and was returning with the water when a report from a rifle disturbed the stillness, and he was seen to stagger and fall within thirty feet of the house. This was witnessed by Mrs. Livingston, who uttered a scream and fell forward in a swoon, into the arms of her husband. To reach the bucket which contained the water was our only ambition. The mother in a dead faint and her little child pleading piteously for water, was more than we could bear. There was more than one pair of eyes filled with tears, and three or four of the boys left their posts to secure the water, which was so near at hand. Just as one of the boys stepped over the threshold, a rifle rang out, then another and another; he fell riddled with bullets.

I looked out of a chink in the wall and for the first time I realized that the Indians had stolen a march on us, and removed the dead bodies of their comrades, and had replaced them with live ones. I called some of the boys and we fired volley after volley into them. The fire had become too hot for them and they scampered off leaving half of their number dead behind them.

While we were keeping the Indians back with our

fire, Pedro secured the bucket of water and he and Mr. Livingston were trying to revive Mrs. Livingston who

was slowly showing signs of life.

Little Beatrice was now happy and sat by her mother's side and held her eyes wide open in astonishment. All of the boys were on the lookout and as everything was quiet I called Jack to one side and talked over the situation with him. It was growing late in the afternoon and as soon as darkness settled over us without a doubt the Indians, under cover of night, would surround us, and, with blazing arrows hurled into the

thatched roof, burn us out of our stronghold.

Nothing more was seen of the Indians, although we kept a continual watch on all sides. We had decided that Jack should take all of the men at an opportune time and give battle to the Indians. Then Mr. Livingston, his wife and myself, and the little Beatrice would take the three horses that were in the house and escape through the ravine and try to reach Stein's Pass. If we failed we would double back to Lordsburg. While we were perfecting our plans no one noticed the absence of little Beatrice. Without a word of warning Mrs. Livingston sped out of the door and was running after the child who was gaily swinging the pail on her arm, on the way to the spring to get water. A savage rifle spoke and Mrs. Livingston clapped her hand to her breast and fell over without a cry, with a bullet in her heart. The sight was more than Mr. Livingston could bear, for he had suddenly lost his reason and judgment. Taking up his rifle he sped out

of the house to avenge the death of his faithful spouse. He had reached her side and was in the act of bending over her when an unseen foe shot him and he fell over the body of his wife. He cried out, "For God's

sake, Alden, save my child."

I unwound my lariat from off Rocket's saddle, and sprang through a window into the ditch the boys had dug, which was about three and a half feet deep. I crawled upon my hands and knees, until I reached a point opposite where the child stood. I prepared my lariat, stood up for an instant, threw it and fell flat into the ditch; before I reached the bottom a rifle was heard to speak and I felt a burning pain which seemed to penetrate my shoulder. I drew my rope into the ditch and with it came little Beatrice. A great number of shots were fired from the house, and during the brief time I was in the ditch, Jack had sighted the Indian who had killed Mr. Livingston and his wife, and had sent him to the happy hunting grounds, just as he was in the act of shooting me. I took little Beatrice, and together we crawled through the ditch and entered the house in safety.

# CHAPTER IX.

#### A RIDE FOR LIFE.

THE time for Jack to go forth and give battle to the Indians had arrived. Calling all of the boys together he related to them his plan of action. they had all shaken hands with me, and bid little Beatrice good-bye Jack jumped through a window into the ditch, and his example was followed by every man excepting Pedro and myself. Pedro watched the Indians down the trail to give warning to the boys in When the boys were out of sight in the stable, securing their horses I opened the door, turned Rocket and the other horses out of the house, and as they were very thirsty they did not stop until they had reached the spring. When I was ready I sprang through the window into the ditch and Pedro handed me the child. Following us he kept a sharp lookout behind. The Apaches did not know that the house was deserted until Tack and his men rushed out of the stables with their horses. This was the signal for me to mount; the boys surrounded me and did good work against the redskins. We were widening the distance between them and us until we struck the trail which led to Lordsburg. Here we were compelled to double back on the trail and we lost considerable time in doing so.

The Indians were fast gaining upon us and they were

about half a mile behind. We kept bravely on, and when the bullets rained thick and fast around us, the boys stopped and every time their rifles spoke an Apache fell, never to rise again. Three or four times I thought that a piece of hot iron had entered my flesh, but I did not know that I was wounded until a tiny stream of blood came trickling down the side of my face coming from a wound near my right temple. blood fell upon little Beatrice's hand and she cried out, "Oh, Mr. Alden, you are hurt." I did not answer her but wiped the blood from off her hand and gathered her more closely in front of me. As we rounded the Red Butts I looked behind me and Jack and his men were holding the red devils at bay, but with all of their vigilance, two or three Indians had managed to get by and were hot upon my trail. On they came like a whirlwind. Poor faithful Rocket was fast weakening for the speed was too fast and the burden too great for him. Two long miles stretched before us to Lordsburg. Would we reach there, or must we when we were almost on the threshold of safety?

Again the bullets began to whiz around us. The buzz of one whistled what, to my excited imagination, sounded like the first sweet note of "Home Sweet Home," and it brought back to me loving remembrances of home and mother. Another as it sped onward, seemed to sing out "Comrades, Comrades," and I thought of my boyhood playmates in my faraway home, and still another as it whistled through the air seemed to murmur, "Nearer my God to Thee."

Was God about to call me? flashed through my mind. Was I about to die after all the brave fight I had made? No, God had willed it otherwise. For as faithful Rocket was about to give up the race he had almost won, a large number of men glided up the trail as if they were spirits. At their head rode Pat Garrett, and we were saved. I became sick and faint. The excitement was too much for me. Before I swooned away I managed to tell them about Jack and the Indians fighting about two miles back. I would have fallen from my horse but a strong arm was placed around me and when I awoke I was lying in bed in a strange room. Bending over me was a sweet faced woman, who upon seeing me open my eyes, exclaimed:

"I see that you are better."
"Madam, have I been ill?"

"Yes, sir; very ill. Your life was despaired of."

"Where am I?"

"At the Ormsby House in Lordsburg."

"How long have I been here?"

"Two weeks last Monday."

"What day is this?"

"Thursday."

"You said that I was ill. What caused it?"

"Your illness was caused by bullet wounds."

"How did I get wounded?"

"Go to sleep now, for I will not answer another question."

So I had to be contented with what information she had given me. I had found out that my head was

bandaged, one of my arms tied up in a sling, and as she turned away, I lay there with closed eyes, too faint to keep them open. My memory was a blank. All I could remember was lying down beside the packs after I had removed them from the burros' backs, in the shade of the shelve rock, at the base of the hills, there to wait until the engineers would come and partake of their noon-day meal. I tried to recall some incident that occurred after that time, but my efforts were in vain. I could not find the thread that would

unravel the mystery that shrouded my life.

How long I had pondered upon this subject before I fell asleep I cannot tell. When I awoke the sun was shining brightly through my window, and there was no one in the room that I might ask questions of, so I mustered courage, arose and started to dress myself, and it was with a great deal of painful effort that I accomplished the task. Many thoughts had flitted across my mind, but none of them seemed to throw any light on the past two weeks, so I resolved to start at once and solve the mystery that surrounded me and made that short period of my life a blank. found my way to the hall and followed it until I came to the stairs. As I descended them I realized for the first time how weak I was, and with a great amount of difficulty I reached the office, which was empty. I passed through it and out onto the veranda, and as I seated myself a man whom I took to be the proprietor of the hotel looked up from his paper and gazed at me over his glasses in surprise.

"Why, Mr. Raymond, are you mad? The doctor who is attending you said that you could not leave your bed for at least a week yet. You had better return to your bed at once, and use some judgment."

"Hang you and the doctor. I am not going back to that stuffy old room, not if I know myself. I feel better when I am up. Won't you please tell me how I came to Lordsburg? I never was here before in my life. I don't understand. There is some mystery, for my mind is blank. Are you the proprietor?"

"Yes; don't you know me, Raymond?"

"No," I replied, "I cannot say that I have ever had

the pleasure of meeting you before."

"My name is Little. You stopped with me in Stein's Pass, about a month ago, and came with Mr. Livington on the stage that was robbed down on Apache creek. I own both of the hotels, this one, and the one in Stein's Pass."

"Mr. Little, there you are mistaken. I never was in a stage coach hold-up, and to the best of my knowledge I have never been in the town you call Stein's Pass."

"I see," replied Mr. Little, "that you are hopelessly out of your head, and I will not argue with you. I will send for Pat Garrett and see if he can bring you back to your senses, and call you back from your wanderings."

I said no more but sat thinking that this man was, must be demented. I could not remember any one in my acquaintance by the name of Livingston, and what had this man Pat Garrett to do with me, or the blank space that had come into my life. My reveries were disturbed at last when Mr. Little touched me on the shoulder and as I looked up I noticed that he was not alone. With him were two men. One I took to be a doctor, who came forward and felt my pulse, looking very grave. But he remarked, "Getting along fine, a vast improvement to-day."

He asked me how long I had been up and I told him

about an hour.

"You will be your own judge in this matter, stay up until you feel tired, then go to bed. You are get ting along very nicely."

With these words he walked away. His companion came forward and took me by the hand, and after he

had given it a hearty shake, exclaimed:

"My boy, you have a wonderful constitution. You have been to death's door more than once in the past few weeks; but I guess that your time to cash in has not arrived."

As he took a seat near me I looked into his face and thought that another lunatic had broken out.

"What is your name?" I asked him. "I have no

recollection of any former acquaintance with you."

"Just listen to that, will you, Little. Good Lord, but the boy is out of his head, good and plenty. I am Pat Garrett, Sheriff of Grant County, and we first met in Stein's Pass."

I was now becoming bewildered at what I had just heard. We talked for an hour about the Indians, of the raid on the Livingston Ranch; how I had saved little Beatrice, and about everything of any importance, that would have a tendency to revive my memory and clear up the blank space that had come into my life. His efforts were all in vain. I could not remember anything at all about the raid on the Livingston Ranch, nor of the saving of the little girl Beatrice from the Indians.

#### CHAPTER X.

# BACK AMONG THE OLD FOLKS.

A MONTH had elapsed before I was completely restored to health, and a longing came over me to see my old home, my parents, and the friends of my childhood once more. There was nothing to detain me in Lordsburg, so I boarded a train for the East, and I reached Boston without notifying my family

of my arrival.

When I passed out of the station I noticed the many hanges that had taken place during my absence. took a carriage and drove home. On my way there my heart beat for joy as I recognized the old familiar places, and here and there I met a face of some old friend of bygone days. When I alighted from the cab I turned and gazed at the home of my childhood. Would my mother meet me at the door as in the days of yore? Would I see the kindly face of my father as he welcomed me home? And my sister, what of her? As I stood gazing there at the home of my youth, fond memories were awakened within me. The joys and sorrows which had passed over my life in my absence from home were now at an end. I hesitated no longer; with a bound I was upon the veranda and in an instant I had the door open and was

in the hall. My progress was interrupted by a man who stepped in front of me, bowing low; he was evidently a servant.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he inquired.

His manner puzzled me. I replied that I wished to see my parents.

"Your parents? Young man, what are you driving

at? Your parents do not reside here."

"Isn't this where Mr. Raymond lives?"

"No, sir; this is the home of Francis Livingston."

That name! Great God, where had I heard that name before? My memory was coming back to me. The dark space in my life was soon to fade away and in its

stead came back pictures of the past.

The servant was eyeing me closely, and he broke the silence by telling me that his master was out of the city, and that I would have to call again if I wished to see him. Before I retired from the house I asked him if he knew Mr. Raymond, and where he lived. But he could not give me the information I desired. I opened the door and reeled out like an intoxicated man, my mind in a turmoil of confusion. As I staggered along the street the name of Livingston haunted me like a night-mare, and the thought of the abode of my parents, the home of my childhood now in his possession, and occupied by a stranger, was more than I could bear. Tears streamed down my cheeks, as I took a last look at the home which was mine no longer.

I started on not caring where my steps might lead me, and as people passed me I could see a nose, a mouth an eye and ear, or some other mark which reminded me of some of my dear friends of boyhood days; and as I noticed these features which were associated with children now grown to man and womanhood, it reminded me that I was no longer the lad of those halcyon days. I wandered on, busily engaged with my thoughts. Many questions I revolved in my mind, but try as I would I could not solve them, so they remained unanswered. I had made up my mind to seek out some of my old friends and find out what had become of my parents, and my family. I was suddenly brought back to earth by some one clapping his hand upon my shoulder, as a cheery voice greeted my ear:

"Alden, old fellow, I am glad to see you! Where did you drop from?" and there before me stood George Bassett, one of my old school companions. I was exceedingly pleased to see him. This was putting it mildly. What good angel had sent him across my

path?

"George, can you tell me anything of my parents?"

"Nothing, only that they sold out some time ago and moved out West, to Colorado, I think, I am not positive; but come into the house, and I am sure that Rose can tell you something of them."

"Rose who — what —? I stammered.

"Why, Rose Dugan, of course. We were married about a month after you left."

"George, you're a sly rogue, and I wish you every

happiness, even at this late hour."

Together we went into the house, and as we stepped

over the threshold Rose came to meet us, with a smile upon her face. She was glad to see me for, in bygone days she and I were sweethearts, and it gave me great pleasure to be with these people who had always been my friends and I felt enchanted when they insisted upon my becoming their guest during my stay in Boston. After the evening meal was over, Rose gave me all the information she possessed relative to my family. She told me that they had moved to Trinidad, Colorado. This was all that I cared to know; the next morning after bidding my friends good-bye, I boarded a train for Trinidad.

#### CHAPTER XI.

# AFTER DARKNESS CAME LIGHT.

Many were the thoughts that crowded into my mind as I took a seat in the train which would take me to the new home of my parents. I gazed out of the car window as we moved swiftly out and in through numberless cars and trains which seemed to cross our path, and as we dashed out of the yards into the open country, the conductor passed through collecting tickets. When he had quitted the car I occupied, I became interested in a conversation which was carried on by two men, who sat in front of me. I will not make an apology for listening to them. This is how they began:

"Well, Jim, where're you bound for?"
"Me? I'm on my way to New Mexico."

"The deuce you are! If I may ask, what is it that takes you to that country this time of the year, when the Indians are raising h— in general. I'm afraid, old man, that you will come back with your topknot missing."

The one addressed as Jim did not pay much attention

to the other's remark, but continued:

"Well, you see, it's like this: I have a client whose brother, sister-in-law and niece were killed in an Indian raid a short time ago, and I'm going there to settle up the estate. The sheriff of the county where the estate is located is giving us some unnecessary trouble about papers left by the deceased man, and it is my intention to secure them before I return."

"I hope, Jim that you will be successful, and that you will settle everything satisfactorily to all concerned. Pleasant journey to you." With these words

he quitted the car.

I was turning over and over again in my mind the conversation which I had overheard. The more I thought about it the more fully convinced I was that it had something to do with the vacuum which had come into my life. Would a light ever appear to illuminate the darkness and bring back to my memory vividly the obscure visions of the past? I leaned over the back of the seat ahead of me and spoke to the man going to New Mexico.

"My friend," I began, "I hope you will pardon my intrusion. Did I understand that you were on your way to New Mexico? I am on my way to Trinidad, Colorado, and as our route lies in the same direction,

if you do not object we can travel together."

"No objection at all; glad to have your company. Your name, sir?"

"Raymond," I replied.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Raymond; my name is Clements, of the firm of Clements and Bassett, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, and I am going to New Mexico to settle up an estate. By the way, Mr. Raymond, I am looking for a man of your name, Alden Raymond; he seems to have a great deal to do with the

settling up of the affair I now have in hand, as I understand it was he who saved the little girl called Beatrice, from death at the hands of the Indians, after they had slain her parents. This Alden Raymond was entrusted with some important papers given him by the deceased Patrick Livingston, just prior to his death.

The blank space had gone from out of my mind, and the scales had dropped from my eyes, and I could see again. AFTER DARKNESS CAME LIGHT. The lone cabin on the plains, the prisoner, Patrick Livingston, the robbers' cave, the hold-up of the stage, the raid at the Livingston Ranch, and the race for life—all loomed up before my vision. I had almost forgotten the existence of my fellow-traveler, but as he was busily engaged in scanning same voluminous legal documents, he did not seem to notice the reverie I had fallen into.

We rode along in silence for some time, each busy with his own thoughts. My reception in my old home came back to me. How was it that Francis Livingston had become master of the home of my parents, the home of my childhood? Why had my parents moved to Colorado? There is one mystery that I must ferret out, but I must now leave it in abeyance, until I can reach Trinidad. My mind became centered upon the missing papers connected with the Livingston case. What had become of them? I remember very distinctly that I had placed them in the bosom of my shirt, well folded as I had left them before, and knew they were safe at the time I was about to lose consciousness in my race for life, when Pat Garrett came to our rescue.

What had become of the papers? I must secure them and turn them over to the person they were intended for. From what I could gather from Mr. Clements' remark about the sheriff giving them trouble, I became fully convinced that the sheriff in question was no other than my friend, Pat Garrett, and if the missing papers were now in his possession he would give them to no one but me. If such was the case the papers were perfectly safe in his hands until I called for them. I had made up my mind to say nothing to my companion that would convey to him any idea of how much I knew of the Livingston case and the missing papers he so eagerly sought. During the time we were together I learned a few things which would materially assist me in the task I had undertaken. I found in Mr. Clements a shrewd, sensible man, and I regretted very much that I was in conscience bound to oppose him in his case of Francis Livingston. My cause was one of justice and I would fulfill my promise to the Livingstons, to protect little Beatrice, even at the cost of my last drop of blood. When we reached Trinidad I invited Mr. Clements to accompany me in my search for my parents. He accepted my invitation and proved himself a pleasant and valuable companion to me. After placing our grips safely in our room and partaking of a hearty supper we went out on the veranda, there to talk over the plans we were to pursue. We decided to arise early next morning and start out to locate my parents, if possible. If successful in our quest I was to accompany him to New Mexico. We retired, and

early next morning, before setting out, we went to inquire of the postmaster if he knew of such a family. He had noticed the name on papers and letters among the mail, but they had moved away without leaving any address behind them. We had expected a more encouraging answer, but not in the least disheartened we started forth and made a house to house search of all the business concerns, not meeting, however, with better success. We found one merchant who knew my father, but he could give us no information concerning his present place of abode. There was nothing to keep me in Trinidad, so I decided to continue the journey to New Mexico with Mr. Clements. There was something of a mystery in my parents' ways of doing. Why did they leave Trinidad without giving the postmaster instructions relative to forwarding their mail? No one seemed to know anything about their present whereabouts. Where could they be? My only hope of ever finding them lay in the advice I would receive from Pat Garrett. Nothing either of interest or importance occurred from the time we left Trinidad to the time we were steaming out of Rincon. At this last point a cowboy stepped into the car we occupied and called out: "Is Mr. Clements in this car?" My companion beckoned him to where we sat, and I would rather have been anywhere else, as I recognized in the cowboy the features of "Billie the Kid." On reaching our seat he exclaimed: "If you are Mr. Clements, tell Mr. Livingston that I have hunted high and low, but cannot find hide or hair of

that fellow Raymond. Just tell him Bill thinks that Pat Garrett knows all about where Raymond and those

papers are."

What a strange utterance! Mr. Livingston! Raymond! Pat Garrett! Papers! An indescribable feeling of consolation and satisfaction came over me. A deep sigh of relief and comfort sprang up from the very fountains of my heart as I saw Mr. Clements' interlocutor shut the door behind him and step off the car. No more blank now. No more darkness in that past eventful period of my life. An irresistible feeling of gratitude rose from my heart and my lips murmured a prayer of thanksgiving to that kind Providence, who always brings order out of chaos. For to the chaos in my mind, in my heart, in my memory, succeeded order of thought, order of recollections, order of affections. My loving father and mother, my home and the friends of my childhood, the perilous chase of the Indians, the handsome Mrs. Livingston, the beautiful little Beatrice, for whom I felt especial tenderness, all rose before my mental eye like a checkered panorama, dismal at spots, but interesting and charming as a whole. Such refreshment after a life of fitful storms and fevers can only come from the great Father who is serenity itself. My only thought and desire now was to obtain justice in all things for little Beatrice Livingston.

#### CHAPTER XII.

# THE MISSING PAPERS.

WHEN we reached Lordsburg, Mr. Clements and I took quarters at the Ormsby House, and Mr. Little, the landlord, was more than pleased to see me. Upon inquiring for Pat Garrett, to my disappointment I found that he was engaged at Silver City at court, as it was then in session. As the last train for Silver City had departed, there was nothing left for me to do but to wait until the morrow and catch the first train for my intended destination.

Three things were uppermost in my mind. The missing papers, what had become of little Beatrice, and where I could find my parents. These three mysteries I must solve. Where should I begin? Which one of these three cases needed my attention first? I was debating with myself upon these subjects when Mr. Little called me to one side and handed me a

package of papers, saying:

"Alden, these were left here for you by Pat Garrett, who gave positive instructions not to deliver them to anyone else than you. He has had considerable trouble

with Mr. Livingston's brother, relative to them."

Needless to say that it was an agreeable surprise to say the least, to receive them and to have them in my possession.

After concealing them on my person I took Mr.

Little into my confidence and told him all I knew about Mr. Clements and the mission that brought him all of the way from Boston to New Mexico. Mr. Little was a very shrewd little man and one whom I could He was conscientious and honest in all of his transactions and he had promised to assist me until I had completed the task which I had undertaken. him I had found a true and loyal friend. When the time had arrived for me to take the train for Silver City, Mr. Clements accompanied me to the station, and bade me Godspeed. I was loth to part company with him as we had become very good friends, but under the circumstances, the only thing I could do was to go alone. Little did he know that the missing papers that he wanted so badly were at that moment in the plain looking little travelling bag which I had deposited in the seat beside me.

When I reached Silver City, I went to Mr. Garrett's office, which was located in the Court House. There I found him busily engaged in his official capacity as court was in session. I took a seat in the court room and listened to the last plea for the State by the district attorney. The case before the jury was one of the most common crimes committed in that country, namely, the theft of some cattle and the changing of their brands; in other words, cattle rustling. When the court had taken recess, on account of the noon hour, Pat Garrett came forward to meet me, and before me stood the man who was to give me advice and assistance in the tasks I had undertaken.

I took the missing papers from my travelling bag and handed them to him.

"These," he said, "we will read before some notary public, and then we will give them to the rightful owner."

We found a notary and in his presence Pat Gartret unsealed the package and in a loud voice this is what he read:

"LIVINGSTON RANCH, AUGUST 19, 18—.
To My Executors:

In case I should meet with an accident which

causes my death.

That I, Patrick Livingston, being of sound mind and of my own free will and accord do hereby bequeath to my daughter Beatrice, all that I possess: My home and business in Chicago and New York. My ranch of about forty thousand acres, more or less, situated about ten miles from Stein's Pass, in Grant County, Territory of New Mexico, and all moneys, stocks, and bonds deposited by me in the Corn Exchange Bank of New York, which I am at the head of. I make this will in case that my wife Beatrice Perry Livingston shall die before me. In case that I am the last surviving member of my family having no near relatives other than a stepbrother, one Francis Livingston, whom I disinherit and disown, and he shall not benefit by any moneys or other valuables connected in any shape or form with my estate. In the event of the death of myself and family, I bequeath all right and titles to my various properties, stocks, bonds and moneys to Alden Raymond, who on one occasion saved my life,

and to whom I am everlastingly indebted, for the services he has rendered me and mine, although a perfect stranger to me.

Witness my hand and seal this . . . . . day of

our Lord, August the 19th, 18-

PATRICK LIVINGSTON.

# By J. B. WITHROCK, Notary Public."

As Pat Garrett had finished reading he exclaimed: "Well, the plot thickens!" I did not like the looks of that fellow Francis Livingston, that is the reason that I refused to give him these papers; to be frank with you I believe him to be a scoundrel. At the inquest before we shipped the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Livingston to Chicago, he sat with little Beatrice upon his knee and shed a basketful of crocodile tears, the hypocrite."

As he finished speaking he took up another one of

the papers and this is what it contained:

"I cannot ever adequately thank Alden Raymond for the services he has rendered me, even from the first time we met in the lone cabin on the plains, when Raymond and I were once prisoners in the hands of outlaws who led us bound in chains into their stronghold in the underground caverns of the Piloncillo mountains. Here by his courage and ingenuity Raymond secured my release. Why I was taken prisoner I cannot say, but I think my stepbrother, Francis Livingston was the instigator of this outrage.

I am fully convinced that I met the said Francis Livingston in the person of one of the outlaws in the underground caverns. In the past he has threatened myself and my family with bodily harm, — nay even death — if we did not accede to his wishes. We have refused him all of his demands, and I am afraid that sooner or later he will bring sorrow into our household; even as I write this, I have before me a telegram from my wife and baby to meet them in Lordsburg, tomorrow.

"Before I left Stein's Pass there were rumors of an Indian uprising. I feel that Francis Livingston has been instrumental in bringing my loved ones here in these dangerous times. He would stop at nothing to

accomplish his base desires.

"No matter how my death occurs, or how much it may seem like the will of God, investigate it and you will find Francis Livingston caused it. This is a broad assertion but if you knew the said Francis Livingston as I do you would not wonder at my accusation.

"P. L."

After he had finished perusing the rest of the papers Mr. Garrett turned to me and said:

"What do you think of this case, Alden?"

"Mr. Garrett," I replied, "there is nothing plainer to me than that this man, Francis Livingston, is more than a scoundrel—he is a fiend, and there is nothing left for us to do but to investigate more minutely the cause of the Indian uprising, which caused the death of the Livingstons, and if Francis Livingston had a

hand in it, to prosecute him for the murder. Can you tell me, Mr. Garrett, what has become of little Beatrice?"

"Her uncle took charge of her and they left for the East while you were confined to your room in Lords-

burg."

"Have you seen Francis Livingston in the last few days? I had for a travelling companion a Mr. Clements, an attorney at law, in the employ of Francis Livingston. We travelled together all the way from Boston to Lordsburg. He is there now and no doubt you will soon receive a visit from him as he is in search of the papers now in our possession. He also wishes to find some trace of one Alden Raymond. For the present, Mr. Garrett, I am supposed to be dead, you understand."

He only nodded in assent, and I knew that Pat Garrett understood.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

#### ON THE TRAIL.

SIX months had elapsed since Pat Garrett and I took the trail in search of little Beatrice and her uncle, Francis Livingston. We followed them as far as Trinidad, Colorado. Here we lost all trace of them. We diligently inquired of everyone we met and the only information we obtained was that a man and a child answering to the description we gave was seen to alight from a train on the day specified. They were met at the station by two men and both the man and the child were driven rapidly away in a westerly direction towards San Luis. This information was cheerfully furnished by the Sante Fe Station Agent, who seemed to have a facility for remembering such occurrences.

We secured horses to ride and one for a pack animal and started across the country for San Luis. We travelled by easy stages, noticing as we went along the lay of the land and always on the alert to see anything that might lead to a clew which would put us upon the track of those we sought. We searched every foot of the way, examined every ravine, cave, creek, and nook, but without success.

Weary and tired from our long search we turned our horses towards New Mexico and after weeks of

hard riding through one of the roughest countries I ever beheld, we at last drew rein in the village of Taos. Here we spent a few days getting ourselves and horses in shape for our long, dreary ride to Sante Fe. On a beautiful morning in the latter part of the month of September, we started forth from Taos and took a trail which ran along the south side of the Rocky Mountains. The trail took us through a marvelous country, picturesque and very wild, where the foot of civilization and progress had never trod. Once or twice we were interrupted on our journey by roving bands of Indians, who on more than one occasion gave us a little uneasiness, and a great amount of trouble, and I was more than thankful when I perceived in the distance the spire of the old mission church which told us of our approach to the old historical town of Sante Fe. One would naturally ask oneself why we did not return from our search to Trinidad by rail, instead of making such a long trip overland. Pat Garrett was the only man that could explain this satisfactorily, but for some reason known to himself he would not. He was compelled to keep his mission to Sante Fe a secret. While there we called upon the Governor, Gen. Lew Wallace, and he promised all the aid that he could command in clearing up the mysterious disappearance of Francis Livingston and his niece.

He went so far as to promise to take the matter up with the Governor of the State of Colorado, and every sheriff in New Mexico, would be furnished with a good

description of the missing people. Little Beatrice was hopelessly lost to us, for the present. There was only one plan for us to pursue, and that was to compel Mr. Clements to give us all the information in his possession concerning the whereabouts of his client, Francis Livingston.

We returned to Silver City and when we arrived there we had a call from Mr. Clements. After the usual preliminaries had been dispensed with, Mr. Clements related to us all that he had wished to accomplish during his stay in New Mexico, and he con-

tinued:

"Mr. Garrett, there are two questions that I must have information upon, namely, where are the missing papers, which rightfully belong to my client, Francis Livingston, and where can I find the one man above all others that I must see, the said Alden Raymond?"

When he had finished speaking I stepped forward and said, "Let us understand each other, Mr. Clements. I am Alden Raymond whom you seek, and I have the missing papers in my possession, which do not belong to Francis Livingston, but to his niece Beatrice."

He looked surprised at first, but he soon found voice: "If this be true, Mr. Raymond, my search is at an

end. Please hand over the papers to me."

"Not for the world, Mr. Clements, can I yield to your wishes. I can only give them to the rightful owner.

"Mr Garrett, you will arrest that man."

"Not so fast, sir; these papers were entrusted to his care by the late Patrick Livingston, and they contain

instructions which must be carried out, and I will see that they are fulfilled to the letter, or my name is

not Pat Garrett, Sheriff of Grant County."

This was too much for Mr. Clements. He could not understand why Pat Garrett should take such a stand when he was given the power of attorney by Francis Livingston to act for him in all matters pertaining to the estate of the late Patrick Livingston.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," he began, "but my duty demands that I should see the papers in question, that I may know something of the existing circumstances

so that I can explain thoroughly to my client."

I unfolded the papers and read the contents to him. His amazement knew no bounds, and he sat as one in a trance until I had finished reading, then, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I have come to the conclusion that my long trip was in vain. This was a wild goose chase, and has cost me a great deal of time and money. I will go back at once to Boston, for I can plainly see that my client has nothing to do at all with the estate in question."

As he rose to leave Mr. Garrett detained him.

"A word with you, sir, before you go. Mr. Clements, can you tell me where your client is, or can be found?"

"No, sir, but I think that he is somewhere in this neighborhood."

"Have you seen him since your arrival?"

"No, sir, I have not. You seem to take great interest in this case."

"Right you are, Mr. Clements, for I am going to hunt until I find Francis Livingston, for he must answer for the disappearance of little Beatrice, and if he can not produce her, I will prosecute him until death shall end his earthly career. This man is a fiend and he would stop at nothing to accomplish his desires."

When Mr. Garrett had finished speaking I related to Mr. Clements all of my experiences and acquaintance with Patrick Livingston — how we first met in the lone cabin on the plains, how we were prisoners together in the caverns of the Piloncillo Mountains, of our escape, of the stage-coach hold-up, and of the raid upon the Livingston ranch. How I was entrusted with the papers, of my race for life to save the little Beatrice, and how Pat Garrett had saved us; of the suspicions that the late Mr. Livingston had entertained about his brother Francis belonging to the outlaws, who were his captors.

"If all you have told me, gentlemen, is true about Francis Livingston, I wash my hands of him from this moment on, and if you should need my assistance I will only be too glad to do all I can in the name of justice."

"As you well know, Mr. Clements," observed, Pat Garrett, "that your client has a home in Boston, will you give us your assistance in that quarter?"

"To be sure, I will, with all my heart. I am at your service. Whenever you command, I will obey."

"When you reach home, Mr. Clements, hire a detective to watch Francis Livingston's home and report

his every movement to me."

"Gentlemen, I will do as you say. Here is my card, and I hope we will enter into a correspondence that will lead to the undoing of this villain. Good-bye, gentlemen. I must bid you adieu." With these words he strode out.

Our next step for the locating of Francis Livingston must depend upon developments, as it was decided that Pat Garrett would spend some of his time in his official capacity in the interest of the county, which he had neglected in the past few months. He therefore, called a meeting of all his deputies and posse men and issued to them instructions which if carefully carried out would bring outlawry to a successful termination in the great southwest.

The hold-ups of "Billie the Kid" and his band of cutthroats and the raids of Geronimo and of his red devils were becoming too frequent in Grant County, and measures must be immediately adopted to cope with the progress of the outlaws and Indians in their

fiendish crimes.

Reports were received frequently from the different parts of the county of murder and various crimes too horrible to mention. About a week had elapsed since our arrival in Silver City and Pat Garrett and I were in the saddle once more at the head of fifteen picked men on the trail, which would lead us to the robbers' stronghold in the caverns of the Piloncillo mountains.

When we reached the outlaws' stronghold, determined to give battle, we found that our covey had flown, leaving no evidence or absolutely nothing that would even intimate to us the direction they had taken in their flight. We came to the conclusion that it would only be a waste of time to try to follow them without some clew as a starting point. So after debating over the matter, we turned our horses and headed them back for Stein's Pass.

The one thing uppermost in my mind now was to visit the Livingston ranch and see how things were progressing there. When we arrived in Stein's Pass, I made known my intention to Pat Garrett, and with a hearty hand shake and a Godspeed, he bade me good-bye.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT MY VISIT TO THE LIVINGSTON RANCH BROUGHT FORTH.

EARLY the next morning I was in the saddle and expected to reach my destination before the sun's rays became unbearable. Reader, if you have not ridden over the hot sandy plains of New Mexico at noon-tide, when Old Sol is in all his glory, you can not realize the intense heat which is reflected from her sandy desert. Knowing as I do, you can not blame or misjudge me for taking an early start to avoid the unpleasant heat of the day. I arrived at my destination about nine o'clock and as I rode up to the house I noticed signs of life and activity. I hesitated for a few minutes as my recollection recalled to me the tragedy which was enacted upon this spot some months before. It all came back to me as a message from the dead. I asked myself over and over again, "Was I fulfilling the vow I had taken to protect the little Beatrice? Might she not at this moment, while I was tarrying here, need assistance? While I stood gazing at the spot where her parents' fell, she might need a strong arm to protect her from the evil designs of Francis Livingston. "Merciful God, come to my assistance,! Show me what path to pursue to find little Beatrice!"

The vow I had made to Mrs. Livingston was there

renewed on the very spot where she had fallen, an innocent victim to treacherous Apache bullets. I raised my right hand to Heaven and swore that I would not leave a stone unturned that I would search every nook and corner of the earth until I found him who was responsible for the disappearance of the little daughter of my benefactor, Patrick Livingston. I hesitated no longer; my mission was just commenced, and delays were dangerous. I must go into action at once. Dismounting from my horse and throwing the reins on the ground I stalked up to the house. The only sign of life within was the rustling of a little dog, who appeared at the door winking and blinking at me. How much he looked like the little pet I had left at home in far away Boston, only this little fellow had grown old and grey.

It did not occur to me that dogs, like human beings, grew old, and before I realized what I was doing I had him up in my arms petting him; he seemed as glad to see me as though he had known me in bygone days. So intent was I watching his antics that I became oblivious to my surroundings, until my attention was called to a shadow appearing in the doorway.

Oh, Joy of Joys! There stood before me my mother and my sister Blanche, but they did not recognize me. My first impulse was to fly to them and embrace them, but the sentence which passed my mother's lips arrested me for a moment, so I determined to master my emotions, and let the truth dawn gradually upon them. My mother addressed me:

"Sir, the dog has taken quite a fancy to you; there are not many strangers to whom he takes a fancy.

Will you come in and be seated?"

I thanked her and asked her if I could see Mr. Raymond. She told me that my father would return for dinner, and that I should make myself at home.

"Pardon me, sir, what is your name?"

"Lon Steele," I replied.

"Mr. Steele, you will pardon my daughter and me, as we have much to do before Mr. Raymond returns to dinner." With these words she left the room.

Here was a nice state of affairs. At last I had found my parents, and my family, but they knew me not. What great change had taken place in me during my absence, that my mother should not know me? As I was revolving these thoughts in my mind, I gazed around the room and many things I saw there brought back to me the happy days of the past. My gaze became riveted upon a portrait of myself; then I picked up a hand mirror and looked thoughtfully into its depths, and for the first time I realized that there was no resemblance whatever between the picture and the face in the glass.

I now understood why my mother and sister did not know me. The portrait was that of a young man with clear-cut features, and white skin, while I was bronzed and bearded by the heat of the sun and the western winds. From the moment I had made the discovery, I resolved to act the part I had chosen, not through choice, but which was cast upon me against

my will. I sat down calmly to await developments and having nothing to employ my attention, I picked up a book, a little volume entitled "Near to Nature's Heart." As I scanned the fly-leaf I was amazed, dumbfounded. I rubbed my eyes. Was I asleep or awake? Was it a dream? No. It could not be for I had the full use of all the faculties of a normal man. If a thunderbolt had struck that house and splintered it over my head, I would not have been more paralyzed, for what I read upon that fly leaf was "To Blanche from Francis Livingston." This was too much for my poor overworked brain. "God in Heaven, can it be possible that my adored sister associated with this vile scoundrel. If such is the case I have a double task to perform. I have the welfare of the two beings I love most on earth to protect. Oh, God, in all justice and mercy show me light and give me strength to do Thy will in all things." My life, was it to be that of an avenger? Why could I not pass through this valley of tears into the unknown beyond, as many others have done, who have gone before, and who will come after me, a peaceful, honorable and God-fearing man? Must I stain my hands in human blood and go to my grave with the mark of Cain stamped upon my brow, never to be effaced? God's will must be done. that very moment if Francis Livingston had crossed my path, I would have strangled him, knowing, as I do the awful consequences which befall the lot of anyone who takes the life of his fellowman, and has

his blood upon his hands,— Perdition and Damnation forever.

My long wait was at last rewarded for my father entered the room where I sat, and shook me by the hand, saying:

"Mr. Steele, I have just returned from a ride over the ranch, and was apprised of your visit. I under-

stand that you wish to see me."

"If you are Mr. Raymond I have a few words to say that may interest you. Are you acquainted with one Francis Livingston?"

"Yes, sir, he is a frequent caller here and in the near

future he will marry my only daughter, Blanche."

"Mr. Raymond, let me warn you in time against this man. I would rather see your daughter dead than the

wife of Francis Livingston."

"Mr. Steele, a few more words of information, if you please: Why do you come to me, a total stranger and try to blacken the character of one who is absent and an honest and honorable gentleman. I will not listen to another word of accusation against him."

"Mr. Raymond, I have many reasons which I can not disclose to you at present, nevertheless I have warned you against the worst vagabond in this country, and now I make a solemn vow that your daughter will never wed Francis Livingston. I am your friend and will protect you from the shame and disgrace of such an alliance with that man. I am not here to pry into your private affairs, only to warn you. If you expect

a call from Mr. Livingston soon, with your permission I will wait and hurl my accusations into his face."

"As you like, Mr. Steele. Come, we will have dinner. Things pass in the usual way when a stranger

is present."

My remarks and attitude towards Francis Livingston were whispered from one to another. I could read by the expression on each face around me that something was working at their heartstrings, and it was apparent that my words had made an impression which would

cause no end of debating on their part.

As the afternoon was drawing to a close and Francis Livingston came not, I bade farewell to my host, thanking him for his hospitality, and as he shook me by the hand he smiled and begged that I must come often to see him. I thanked him again and promised to call when next I was in that vicinity. I secured my horse and rode away, happy in my thoughts, for on that day I had found two things, namely, my parents, and a clew which, no doubt, would be the undoing of Francis Livingston.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE SECRET DIED WITH HIM.

WHEN I reached Stein's Pass, I had the good fortune to meet Pat Garrett, and when we were safely housed in one of the rooms of the hotel, I related to him and Mr. Little all that had happened during my absence. The finding of my parents, the engagement of my sister to the vagabond, Francis Livingston, and all items of interest as they had occurred. We formed many plans for the cap-ture of Livingston, together with "Billie the Kid," and the other members of his lawless gang. The only plan that would carry out with any amount of success was to surround and watch the Livingston ranch for the appearance of Francis Livingston. When all arrangements had been made, Pat Garrett, myself and four picked men galloped out of Stein's Pass, towards our intended destination. It was late in the evening when we reached the terminus of our journey. After a scanty supper, which we had stowed away in our saddle bags, we took our positions, Garrett and I taking our place in the corner of the paddock, near the stables, Harvey Whitehill watched the trail from Stein's Pass, Charley Everhart, the one from Lordsburg and Pete Everett, the one that led to the Piloncillo mountains, and Jack Bryan, the road that passed Gila Bend.

We watched all night without success and the next night also with disappointment. A week had passed and Livingston did not put in his appearance. Something must be done to effect his capture at once. The suspense I was enduring was driving me to madness. What fate had befallen the innocent babe I had sworn to protect, to the last drop of my blood, nay, even till the last breath had passed out of my body? Would I ever find her? I had for some time past loved the child with more than a brotherly affection. In fact I loved her better than my own life, and was ready and willing at any time to give it up for her sake, if it would save her from harm.

In the meantime Pat Garrett had put a number of men in the field, but with no better success than we had attained. If Francis Livingston was in New Mexico his capture must soon come about as nothing

was left undone to gain this end.

If he had left the country and had gone to his home in Boston, Mr. Clements would immediately have him placed under arrest. Another week had almost passed, still Livingston did not come. When we had formed a new plan of action, and turned our horses' heads towards Lordsburg, and as we emerged from the little creek, and were rounding the Red Butts, we came unexpectedly face to face with the man whom we most of all desired to see, Francis Livingston.

When he saw us approaching he turned his horse and started off at breakneck speed. He was scarcely more than three hundred yards away when Harvey Whitehill vaulted from his horse and placing his Winchester across the bow of his saddle, he fired. Livingston was seen to throw up his hands, sway and reel in the saddle, and then he fell heavily to the ground, his horse continuing its mad flight. When we reached his side he opened his eyes and stared at us, and exclaimed:

"I guess, boys, you have done for me. I have had

many narrow escapes, but the jig is up now."

Before he had finished speaking, I had recognized him as the handsome man whom I first met in the caverns of the Piloncillo mountains.

Patrick Livingston's suspicions were not without foundation, for there before us lay his stepbrother, Francis Livingston, the acknowledged leader of "Billie the Kid" and his outlaws. His life's blood was fast ebbing away, and the look of death was visible upon his face. There was no time to waste, so I bent down over him and placed my hand caressingly upon his brow. He looked into my eyes, and I saw that he was repenting. I felt sympathy for him in my heart.

"Francis Livingston," I exclaimed, "as you are about to pass into the unknown beyond, into the presence of the Creator, tell me truthfully, where is

your niece, Beatrice?"

He tried to speak, but his breath came in short gasps, and the death rattle sounded in his throat. Grim Death had claimed him for his own. The dreaded Francis Livingston was no more. We raised him gently and bore him to the foot of the Red Butts, and

consigned him to his last resting place.

As these last solemn words, "Earth to earth, and dust to dust," fell from the lips of Pat Garrett, more than one pair of eyes filled with tears, for even brave men when brought face to face with the dread reality of death, forget for a moment their wonted courage and melt unwittingly into tears of tenderness. It is the attribute of lofty souls to realize even their own nothingness and give way to sentiments of pious sympathy

at the grave of a departed brother.

Livingston had met with a well-merited death, it is true, but withal the handsome Livingston, though now a villain, was once a promising youth, possessed of valor courage, intrepidity. Only evil companions and the venomous counsels of guileful friends could have perverted the heart, and made a bandit of that once noble youth. It was those considerations that still excited the admiration and moistened the eyes of those rustic brave sons of the West. As the last shovelful of earth completed the small mound over Livingston's corpse, we turned our footsteps homeward with a sigh of mingled satisfaction and regret.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

#### PAT GARRETT'S VOW.

BEFORE taking leave of Livingston's last resting place, Pat Garrett had uncovered his head and over the grave, with his eyes turned towards Heaven, had taken a solemn vow to complete the annihilation of "Billie the Kid", and his lawless band.

"On the morrow," he continued, "I shall go forth alone and I will never come back until I bring in 'Billie the Kid', dead or alive, and if I never come back and 'Billie the Kid' is still in the land of the living, you will know that he got the drop on me; that I am no more." Turning to Harvey Whitehill he said: "Take up the task where I was compelled to leave and bring outlawry to a successful termination."

As Garrett and his men started down the trail for Lordsburg, I bade them good-bye and turned back towards the Livingston ranch; for I had decided to start at once to renew my search for the missing child, but before going I must see my parents and sister, even if

I had to bid them good-bye as a stranger.

I was given a hearty welcome when I reached the ranch. While there I was determined to ease my mind and tell my father of the tragedy, and of the burial of its victim. During the course of our conversation, my eyes wandered to the portrait of myself upon the wall. For the first time I noticed its frame draped in

black, in mourning. What could this mean? Did they think me dead? My father seemed to notice the gaze I fixed upon the picture, and without more ado he related to me how his son had left home in the employ of the Government as an engineer; how he had come to New Mexico in that capacity, and of his death which was reported by his friends who belonged to the same corps. My father was fully convinced that I was dead, and I must be careful lest I betray myself, for it might prove fatal to him as his health was failing in his declining years.

A sudden violent surprise such as my declaring myself his son here in his presence would probably cause him such a shock as might end him there and then. When he had finished his narrative I told him that I knew his son quite well, and if my memory did not play me false, that he was still alive and had a secret mission to perform, a vow to the dead, and that he did not have time to come to see his parents until that

mission was fulfilled.

"There is no doubt in my mind that when your son has accomplished his mission, he will call on you and reveal himself to you as a son of whom you shall have reason to be justly proud. Only be patient and this

will all come to pass in due time."

"I can hardly credit what you seem to prophesy," answered my old father. "If our son Alden were alive he would search the world over for us. No, my poor boy is dead," and the tears flowed in big drops down his hollow cheeks.

"No, your son is not dead, Mr. Raymond. I will find him for you myself if I have to hunt the world over. He is living, and where there is life there is hope." I bade my parents and sister good-bye, and left them with a strong feeling that I was wronging them by leaving their hospitable roof without first telling them more about their long-missing son. When I was comfortably seated in the train bearing me to my first stopping place, Trinidad, I sincerely regretted not having dispelled their gloomy forebodings concerning their absent son, by revealing my identity. It was now too late to go back, so I continued my journey to Trinidad, there to begin my search for the missing child, but all to no purpose. From there I travelled eastward, stopping at every hamlet, village, city and town, but could obtain no clue to the object of my quest. Still confident of my ultimate success, I pursued my search with renewed vigor.

A year had elapsed since last I had set foot in New Mexico. Every hour of that time I had employed in looking up Beatrice in Chicago, where I had gone to see to the Livingston interests. Daily I wandered along the streets and byways of the great city of the lakes, all eyes and ears, to catch a glimpse or sound that would throw some light on the mystery that was

fast consuming my life.

Many a time would my mind wander off to Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew", and I could picture to myself the miserable Jew who was commanded "To go on,

to go on." Something in my own conscience com-

manded me also to go on.

Like the fated Jew, I was a wanderer, wandering the world over. When and where would these wanderings cease? Must I go on, go on, until death came to put an end to these fruitless journeyings, or was I destined to fulfill the vow I had taken? Doubts and questionings now began to rise in my mind, and feelings of uneasiness seemed fast taking possession of me. Day followed day and still the object of my vow lay in darkest obscurity, so far as I was concerned. Was I not pursuing a vain phantom, and had I not better return to my old father and mother and there be the consolation of their old age and lead a life of quiet and happiness? I was startled from this line of thought by a newsboy shouting at the top of his voice: 'St. Louis Republic! All the latest news! Great fire in New York! All about the death of 'Billie the Kid'!"

I called out to the newsboy: "A paper, please!" I handed the boy his penny and eagerly scanned the headings of the *Republic*. There were the big headlines: "Billie the Kid' No More." Below followed the whole story in a nutshell in a special despatch to the *Republic*, dated from Silver City: "Pat Garrett has finally taken the path of 'Billie the Kid,' after hounding

him from one hiding place to the other."

Garrett pursued the notorious outlaw night and day. "Billie the Kid" had made up his mind to leave the country, and had come to Maxwell Ranch, to bid his sweetheart good-bye. Garrett preceded him

thither, he set watch for the bandit. At a late hour of the night "Billie" had not yet appeared, so Garrett lay dozing on his bed awaiting his victim. A call at the gate announced the presence of some one. Here was the reckless "Billie." He came forward and halted at the threshold of the house. A suspicion flashed across his mind: "Who is the stranger present?" he asked the keeper of the ranch, at the same time reaching for his revolvers. That was the signal for the fatal shot from Garrett's deadly weapon. A flash, a report, and "Billie the Kid" fell dead across the threshold with a bullet through his heart. Pat Garrett had fulfilled the vow taken over Francis Livingston's grave, and with the death of "Billie the Kid" outlawry in New Mexico fast gave way to times of peace and security.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## TEN YEARS AFTERWARDS.

TEN long years had intervened between the events related in the foregoing chapters and those which follow in this narrative. I had almost given up in despair of ever hearing what had become of the missing child, Beatrice Livingston, now grown into woman-

hood, if she were still alive.

Her interests in Chicago had materially increased, and the ranch in my father's care was a good paying business. There were many thousands of dollars waiting for the missing heiress, but she came not to claim them. I had taken up my residence in Chicago, where I could watch and inspect the business daily, so as to be at hand to discover irregularities, should any happen. I was looked upon as the master and the owner of the many thousands securely locked in the Livingston vault, but touch one cent of it I would not, for I always had a presentiment that the missing heiress would some day be found.

During those ten long years my mind was active and I was always upon the alert to find a clew which would unravel the mysterious disappearance of the one I sought. Some of the best detectives were put upon the case, but they were baffled; they could not solve the problem; still I did not give up. I visited almost every school, university, orphan's home, foundling and

insane asylum, and in all of the leading papers I had placed advertisements. In answer to these, and in my weary wanderings I encountered many Beatrices, who would like to take the place of the missing heiress, but none could compare with the likeness of her

stamped so deeply in my memory.

One cold, rainy evening in the middle of the month of March, while I was sitting gazing into the glowing fire that was blazing brightly in the grate of my sitting room, my man-of-all-work appeared in the room bearing a small card on which was engraved the name "John Lewis." I scrutinized it intently for a few minutes, turning it over and over again in a vain attempt to see if I could come to some conclusion as to what Mr. Lewis' visit might mean at such an untimely hour. I told my man to show him in, and as he crossed the threshold I took a complete survey of him. He was a small but rather heavy set, restless man with a round smooth-shaven face, small, restless, grey eyes, and slightly bald. Under his arm he carried a massive gold headed cane and in his left hand a tall, shiny silk hat. His black suit and overcoat were faultless, and denoted wealth and refinement. Coming towards me with a pleasant smile upon his countenance, he extended his disengaged hand to me which I accepted in greeting. When the usual formalities had been dispensed with, I bade my visitor to be seated. After he had removed his overcoat and had seated himself he drew a letter from an inner pocket of his coat and remarked: "You see it is like this, Mr. Raymond,

I have here a letter of introduction from a friend of mine to you, and if you will read it, I will explain my call,"

I took the letter from its envelope and this is what it contained:

"To Mr. Alden Raymond, Chicago, Ill.

FRIEND RAYMOND:

This will introduce the bearer, Mr. John Lewis, a gentleman whom I have known for the past twenty years. As he is about to take a trip to Europe, I told him about you and your institution, and advised him to leave all his business affairs in your hands during his absence, as I know that they will be safely taken care of.

Your friend,

JAMES LITTLE.

Stein's Pass, New Mexico, 3-10, 18-."

As I finished reading the letter and the name subscribed at the bottom, all the scenes came back to me again. The survey, the lone cabin on the plains, the caverns in the mountains, the stage coach hold-up, and all the events as they occurred. As my mind wandered from scene to scene of those bygone days, I became so interested in them that I had completely forgotten the existence of my visitor, and was only brought out of my reveries when he moved nervously in his chair and coughed slightly to draw my attention. I begged his pardon, and we settled down to business.

I will not try to relate to you his story, the history of his past life as he told it to me, but I will do my best with your permission to give you the most interesting details of his life. After he had lighted a cigar and settled himself in a most comfortable position,

this is how he began his narrative:

"Mr. Raymond, I hardly know where to begin, My life has been a most interesting one, and I have passed through trials, tribulations, and troubles more than is the lot of average man. When I was a wee bit of a lad my parents died, leaving me a penniless beggar. I was thrown into the busy streets of the City of New York, there to live and subsist as best I could. My companions were not of the best and my humble abode was on the Bowery.

In compensation for my services in a cheap restaurant I received my board and a cot in the hall. I had spent nearly a year in my humble position, and small and menial as it was, I was envied by many a waif, but my employer died, and I was only one of the many witnesses who saw his poor widow auctioned out of house and home. Once more I was cast upon my own resources. That night I went to bed supperless in a hay mow in a barn, and the next morning I was roughly awakened, arrested and taken to the police station on the charge of stealing harness. I was found guilty and sentenced to the reformatory school, to stay there until I became of age. Three months later I escaped by boldly walking out of the building past my keepers. I made my way to the New York

Central freight yards, and boarded an outgoing freight train, not caring where it might take me, and after a long weary ride, almost frozen, and half starved, I found myself in Buffalo, where I was compelled to leave the train and seek something to quiet the pangs of hunger that were gnawing at my vitals. As I crossed the street in the direction of a chop house, I put on a bold front and entered asking for the proprietor. He listened to me kindly and when I had finished my story he put me to work doing chores around the place. I was happy in my new position and had been there about a week when I overheard part of a conversation between two men who were having a lunch together, at a small table, situated near the partition which separated the dining room from the kitchen, where I was engaged assisting the cook. Their conversation was relative to the shipping of some stock to a western point. From what I could learn they were having some difficulty in securing a suitable person to take charge of the stock en route, for one of the men, was no other than Dick Lavigne, a wealthy mine owner a cattle king of Colorado. He was saying to his friend: 'If I could only find a boy to go with the stock, it would be a great load taken off my mind."

I listened to no more of their conversation, for I had made up my mind to go to them and tell them to look no further, as I was ready to take charge of their stock. Suiting the word to the action, I ventured forth and asked them for the job. They looked at me in surprise when I broached the subject to them, and Mr. Lavigne

exclaimed, "But, son, you are too small, and I don't believe that you will do." A little urging and a great deal of pleading on my part was necessary before they were satisfied that I would do. At last they decided that I should accompany the stock through to Cripple

Creek, their destination.

I will not detain you by relating my journey, and will only add that fortune smiled upon me in my new home, for Mr. Lavigne was kind and gave me many advantages, and when opportunity was passing by I grasped her by the hand. I secured some mining properties which have proven to be very valuable. I am here to-night to entrust all of my business affairs in your hands, during my absence in Europe, as I have great confidence in your ability to handle all matters ably and conscientiously."

I thanked him for his confidence and when we had settled all matters to his entire satisfaction, as he was about to retire he hesitated for a moment, as if something was upon his mind, upon which he was debating

within himself.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Raymond," he exclaimed, before I forget it, as I cannot tell how long I may remain abroad, I must tell you to look after my daughter Marcia, who is now attending the Sisters' convent, situated in Notre Dame; see that she is supplied with every comfort and advantage. Don't spare any expense for her happiness. I will write to you from time to time, and will apprise you of my whereabouts.

And now, Mr. Raymond, I must bid you good night. Pleasant dreams, sir;" and he walked out.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### MARCIA LEWIS.

AFTER Mr. Lewis had retired I sat in wonderment, and could not associate anything in the character of the genteel, well groomed man who had just left me with that of a Bowery waif. I sat and thought long into the night and reviewed his story in my mind as something almost impossible. As it was growing late I retired, but not to sleep, for I rolled and tossed upon my bed for some hours, and when at last I succumbed to drowsiness, I had an awful dream. I was back upon the plains of New Mexico, and all of the old scenes were enacted over again, but one in particular above all the others absorbed my whole attention. The one where I was riding for dear life with little Beatrice Livingston before me upon my pony Rocket, with Geronimo and his red devils in hot pursuit. Then in my dream upon a closer inspection of little Beatrice, she seemed to take another form, that of a beautiful young lady who was no other than Marcia Lewis. I had reached that point where I was about to fall from my horse, when I awoke with a start to find myself covered with a cold perspiration and the horror of the dream completely drove sleep from me. With the first streaks of dawn appearing in the sky, I arose and walked the floor; try as I would I could not shake that awful presentiment from me,

nor could I banish it entirely out of my mind. From my home to my office, at my desk, everywhere, I could see the shadow of Marcia Lewis. She would loom up in front of my vision. She was ever at my side. She was with me always, and I could not accomplish the work I had laid out before me. I found myself sitting before my desk with my hands folded behind my head, and gazing blankly into my unfinished work. I closed my desk for I could not do any more work that day. I arose, donned my overcoat and hat and left the office with no particular destination in view. Not minding which way I turned, I was haunted by the vision of Marcia Lewis. How strange it seemed to me to be thinking of this young lady whom I never had the pleasure of meeting, and who lived only in my imagination, called there by her father, whom I had first met the evening before.

What could it mean! I strolled along the busy thoroughfares and tried to forget my dream, and banish it from me. Late in the afternoon I returned to my home, and after dinner I repaired with some friends to McVikers Theatre, where we had the pleasure of seeing Denman Thompson present his own play,

"The Old Homestead."

What a great relief for one to forget the troubles and cares of the day, to still them, to hush them, by song and music, to lay them to rest until they are called back on the morrow. With many pleasant recollections, I reached home, and immediately retired. How long I had slept I cannot conjecture, for the old

dream came back to me. There I was once more riding for dear life; the same scene over again, up to the point where I was about to lose consciousness. I awoke with a start, and remained awake during the remainder of the long dreary night, with no other companion than the ghostly one who seemed to haunt me. I can not or will not try to describe the horrible feelings that were aroused within me, and I must confess that I was afraid to be alone, with my ghostly visitor. My dream seemed to cling to me. I buried myself in many occupations, so as to drive my thoughts into some other channels, all in vain attempt to forget or set aside my haunting fancy, to forget! The next night that same dream came back to me with all of its terrors. What did it mean? A warning! God in Heaven protect me! Must I take this wild ride, night after night? If so, I will go mad.

I related my dream to some friends but they only laughed at me and pooh poohed at the idea of a full grown man giving way to such childish fancies. I could not get any sympathy from any one to whom I had related my experiences, and I had made up my mind to keep my peace and say no more upon the subject. I was growing pale and haggard, for want of sleep, and my appetite had left me. I felt like a haunted man. Go where I would I could not find rest. There before me constantly was the ghostly shadow, always beckoning me onward. I tried to run away to hide myself like those poor unfortunate

people who have the mark of Cain upon their brow, and like unto them, I found myself avoiding every one

and starting nervously at any unusual sound.

I was startled out of my stupor by a familiar voice which seemed to come from the ground, and before me stood the Widow Blake, an old Irish woman, who always had a cheery word for me ever since the time I had made her a small loan to finish paying for her little home where she resided in all ease and comfort, with her grown up sons and daughters.

"Arrah, and what ails you, Mr. Raymond? Sure you look like a dead man, so white and still. Are you sick, or what's the matter with you anyhow?" Extending her hand to me with a good-natured smile upon her face, she said "If I can be of any service to you Mr. Raymond, just speak the word, and I will do

all I can for you."

"Mrs. Blake, you were always kind to me, and if I could only confide in you I think I would feel better."

"Sure and that you can, my boy. Nellie Blake is your friend for all time to come. If it wasn't for you I would have lost my little home this twelfth month ago. Speak man, what is your trouble? Are you in love? Has your sweetheart gone back on you?"

"No, Mrs. Blake, no love affair this time. It's

only a dream."

"Only a dream, Mr. Raymond. It must be something awful to make you look like a ghost. Just walk in, sir, and make yourself at home and tell me all about it."

After I was comfortably seated in a pleasant little room which she was pleased to call her parlor, I related to her my dream as it had occurred. She listened in silence and when I had finished she looked up at me and with a solemn face said:

"No wonder, Mr. Raymond, that you are looking so bad, for it's enough to scare a black crow white, and make the devil ashamed of himself. But, sir, if you will listen to the advice of an old woman, it's a presentiment that young Miss Lewis is either ill or in some kind of trouble, and needs a helping hand. It's your duty to go to her at once, and see if all is well with her. When you come back I am sure sir, that you will have no more business in having bad dreams."

I took her advice, even if it should amount to nothing, as I was unfitted for business and the change might do

me good.

I arose to depart with a much lighter heart than when I had entered, and as I bade the widow good-bye, she murmured, "May God bless you, Mr. Raymond, and keep you from all harm, and in your absence I

will pray for you. Now, be off."

Hesitating no longer, I hailed a passing cab and without any preparation whatever, I reached Dearborn station where I caught a train which was then due to leave for Notre Dame. On taking my place in one of the sleepers I felt more at ease and my heart was lighter than at any time since that awful thrice-told tale had appeared in my dreams. As we sped along, dashing past town and village, through fields and meadows, I

became aware for the first time of the absurdity of the widow's advice. On we went and every revolution of the wheels brought me nearer my destination. What excuse must I offer Miss Lewis for so abruptly disturbing the stillness of her convent home? At times I must confess that I was on the point of turning back, but something would whisper in my ear, "You must see her, you must see her."

After reaching Notre Dame I made a few inquiries and soon reached the convent where Miss Lewis was a pupil. After the usual forms of etiquette which are maintained in those institutions were over with, I was ushered into a grand parlor where I was to await the

appearance of the Mother Superior.

I had not long to wait, for in a few minutes she came and I asked her if I could see Miss Lewis. She replied, "I am very sorry, Mr. Raymond, but it will be impossible for you to see her, as she is now very ill and there is small hopes for her recovery. The doctor in attendance has forbidden any one to frequent her

room except the nurse in charge."

How many thoughts passed through my mind in that short space of time, I was there. Mrs. Blake's words came back to me. My dream was then a presentiment after all, and Miss Lewis was very ill. I explained to the Mother Superior that I was Miss Lewis' guardian during her father's absence. She gave her consent if I would agree not to disturb her. Of course I would agree to anything in order to see my ward. I was conducted up a long flight of stairs into a very comfortable

bed room and when my eyes had become accustomed to the dim uncertain light I examined my surroundings. Tip-toeing around the room was the nurse who motion. ed me in silence to a seat near the head of the bed As I took the proffered chair I looked upon the bed and my eyes were riveted on the face resting on the spotless pillow. Such a beautiful face with its large blue eyes, staring wide open at me, and its mass of wavy brown hair which set off the deep white forehead.

What a beautiful picture to behold. With all her sickness and suffering Miss Lewis had the most beautiful face I had ever beheld. With her eyes upon me

she followed my every movement.

Then out of the awful stillness she uttered a heart rending scream, and extended both hands to me, and said, "Oh, save me, Mr. Alden, save me!"

I took her hands in mine and she closed her eyes and sank into a deep sleep, which only comes to those

exhausted.

The nurse stood horror-stricken at what she saw, and for the life of me I could not open my mouth, for I could not utter one word in explanation of the ex-

traordinary scene which had taken place.

When the Mother Superior had been apprised of what had transpired, and how Miss Lewis had fallen asleep, the first deep sleep the had experienced since she was taken ill, the Mother Superior did not ask me to leave when the time allowed me was up, but bade me stay and to come as often as I wished. I held those bonnie white hands in mine for some hours, never

moving and scarcely breathing lest I might disturb the silence and awaken the sleeper. When at last she awoke, she uttered a little sigh of relief, exclaiming:

"Mr. Raymond, it was so good of you to come," and smiled upon me. That smile, and those beautiful eyes that gazed into mine set my heart to throbbing most violently, as if it wished to be released from its moorings. The blood rushed to my face and it was wreathed in scarlet. A lump had risen in my throat and I stammered and stuttered and finally mumbled out that I was glad that I had come. I was so confused that I could not say more, and what a relief to me when the doctor came into the room and asked her if she was better.

"Yes Doctor, so much better, thank you." she answered, in the sweetest voice, which was music to my ears. The doctor's appearance in the room gave me an opportunity to collect my scattered senses, and when he had completed his visit and had left the room my embarrassment had completely left me and I was once more myself.

As it was growing late I arose to depart, having been in the sick room for several hours. I lingered over the small white hand which lay within mine. I raised it to my lips as a token of my sympathy for the suffering one and gazed into the beautiful blue eyes of her, who lay so still before me. Releasing the hold upon her hand, I strode towards the door, but before reaching it I was arrested by her voice:

"Mr. Raymond you will please me very much if

you will come back again."

I promised, as nothing would give me more pleasure. When the convent gates closed behind me I looked into my heart, and there I could read how much I loved Marcia Lewis. I was happy. My heart grew light and once more the sun shone brightly for me. Would I renew my visit to the convent? There was only one answer to that question, and that was, yes. Every day at the same hour saw me rapping at the convent gates for admission, which was never denied me. Every day saw Marcia Lewis grow stronger and as the days passed into weeks, and the weeks lengthened into months, I was constantly at her side. During this time my love for her grew stronger, and when she had almost regained her health, I was compelled to leave for Chicago, called there on some business which only I in person could transact. On the eve of my departure when about to turn my back upon Notre Dame, where I had spent so many happy days, and to bid Miss Lewis good bye, I plucked up courage while at her side in the convent garden, to tell her of my love for her, and asked her to be my wife. She only looked at me out of the depths of her bonnie blue eyes, and a sad smile crept over her beautiful face, and she answered:

"I am afraid, Mr. Raymond, that can not be, for when you know that part of my life which is my secret,

you would not care to have me for your wife."

These strange words uttered from those beautiful lips only fanned my love into an unbearable heat, a

consuming fire, and I answered: "I care not for the past, no matter what your secret may be. I love you and nothing can come between us, if you will only say yes. Let bygones be bygones, and forget the secret which overshadows your life; let it fade, as in the gloaming."

She was silent for a short time, and was the first to

break the lull that intervened in our conversation.

"Mr. Raymond, I esteem the confidence you have placed in me more than anything else in the world and if you will be patient for a short time while I think over what you have said, I will then give you an answer."

## CHAPTER XIX.

## FOUND AT LAST.

THREE days later while I was looking over the mail which had been deposited upon my desk I came across a tiny envelope of lavender hue delicately perfumed with the odor of violets. I hastily scanned the address, when the postmark came within the range of my vision. It was from her, the girl I loved, and must contain her answer. With bated breath, I tore open the envelope and this is what I read:

"Dear Mr. Raymond: — You will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you, as I am fulfilling the promise I made you a few days ago. This is my answer, and I leave you to decide, to be the judge of your own destiny, whether for better or worse. I am about to begin my confession, my secret which is known to none but Mr. Lewis and myself.

"Mr. Lewis has been a good and generous father

to me, although no relation whatever.

"My name is not Marcia Lewis, as you think. I was a homeless, penniless and nameless waif, when my foster father took me to his heart, gave me his name, and called me daughter.

"I have some faint remembrances of the past, stored away in my memory, but the light that shines upon them is always clouded. Would to God that some day a light might shine into my darkened past and reveal to my memory the dull shadows that dwell therein. Reveal to me my heritage, my parents, and my name. Day after day, I pray that God in His infinite mercy will illuminate my mind, that I may know who and what I am. In the long ago, it seems to me that you were somewhere present in this darkened past of mine. I once knew a Mr. Alden, and he was a very dear person to me. Nay, I even loved him, though I was only a wee bit of a lass, but his memory is still sacred to me. I would make any sacrifice if I could find him, for he would tell me all, and relieve my poor overburdened brain.

"When you read this and can still love me and care to marry a nameless girl, my answer is Yes. Your affections are reciprocated, but remember you are as free as the wind to do or undo, to rescind the words you have spoken. And now, adieu! "Always sincerely,
"MARCIA."

When I had finished reading her dear letter I was much confused and my head began to buzz and strange noises seemed to smite my ears, still I was happy.

loved me and her answer was, yes.

No more work for me that day, and I felt like some school boy for I threw my hat high into the air, and when it came down I put it upon my head, and the next instant I was in the street. I turned and gazed through the window to see if any one had noticed my childish actions. One of the junior clerks was pointing at me with one hand. With the other he pointed at his forehead and bursting out laughing, ran away. By his actions I knew that he had seen me, and was commencing to think that I was going out of my head. I smiled back at him and passed on, not caring what they thought. My destination was the Widow Blake's. When I stepped upon the veranda of her little home, she came to meet me smiling.

"Arrah, and it's looking more like yourself, you are,

Mr. Raymond."

"Am feeling more like myself, thank you, Mrs. Blake, I replied, and tears of joy appeared in her poor old eyes.

"Thank God," she murmured, "and if it pleases you,

come in, and tell me all about it."

I complied with her request, for it was my intention to ask her advice in this matter.

When I finished relating to her all of my adventures, while in Notre Dame, I even took the liberty of reading her Miss Lewis' letter. She sat in silence until I had

finished my narrative, and then exclaimed:

"It's proud of you I am this day, sir, you have behaved like a real Irish gentleman, for in the days of old when Ireland abounded with kings and princesses, they would marry no lady unless there was some opposition, some romance to the match. I might relate to you many, many stories of battered castle walls, duels to death, over the smile of some beautiful lady. This is why poor old Ireland is in bondage to this day, and the boasted blood and her noble children who bear the proud names of their glorious parents, are called

peasants, all on account of a beautiful but faithless woman. I will not bother you, sir, by relating bygone doings of the kings and princesses of long ago. Forgive me the question, sir, for I am only an inquisitive old woman, but I would like to know what you are going to do now. If you love the girl, marry her, and be happy for a marriage without love will come to no good end."

"Mrs. Blake, I have come to you for advice. Can I

depend upon you?"

"That you can, Mr. Raymond, for I am your friend.

Did you not -"

"Hush, Mrs. Blake, you have nothing to thank me for and I am satisfied that you will assist me all you can. And now I will tell you my secret. I am almost positive that Marcia Lewis and Beatrice Livingston are one and the same person, but to tell Miss Lewis this in her weak condition might upset her and cause a relapse of her recent illness. I have a plan to unfold, and you must assist me. Next month, September, I am going to visit my parents on the Livingston ranch, and I am not going alone for Miss Lewis and yourself will accompany me. You to act as her maid and companion. When we reach the ranch we will try by familiar scenes and faces to illuminate her darkened memory, and bring back to her her long forgotten name and heritage. Will you go with us, Mrs. Blake?"

"How can you ask that question, Mr. Raymond. If I have to walk there and back upon my knees, I

would do so without a murmur for you."

I thanked her and as I arose to depart I gave her a small pocket book containing a snug sum of money to replenish her wardrobe with while we prepared for our future journey. She hesitated for some time but after a great deal of persuasion on my part she finally accepted it. She thanked me from the bottom of her heart and I departed leaving her muttering blessings after me.

The days passed slowly and at last the fifteenth of September had arrived, the day set for our departure. The hour of nine found us, — Miss Lewis, Mrs. Blake and myself boarding the Sante Fe Limited, for New Mexico. There was no one happier in our small party than Mrs. Blake, and she looked her best, for her wardrobe was fine and no one could set off a dress to better advantage. No doubt in her youth Nellie

Blake was a very handsome girl.

Nothing worth mentioning transpired during our journey, and after three days of fast travelling, we found ourselves at our destination. I did not apprise my parents of our intended visit, and when we drove up to the gate and alighted from the old ramshackle stage coach and walked into the house, they were exceedingly surprised to see me, and their astonishment knew no bounds when I related to them in secret the strange story of Marcia Lewis. Late into the night my father and I talked the situation over. Plan after plan was discussed and with much difficulty we formed one, which on the morrow we would put into execution. My father was to invite Miss Lewis to accompany

him for a drive over the ranch, which would terminate at the Red Butts, where he was to keep her interested until I rode past at full speed, carrying a little child in front of me upon a horse pursued by a whooping band of redskins. If her memory did not fail her she would remember this one incident, which actually occurred in her life.

The next morning my father drove away with Miss Lewis at his side. I called all of the men together, all that could be spared, and dressed them as best I could to represent Indians. I did not need to give them any instructions, as they all knew what was required

of them.

Having dressed in the suit I had worn on that memorable day when I carried little Beatrice Livingston into the midst of brave Pat Garrett's men to safety, we started forth, and on our way to the Red Butts, we stopped at Jack Oglevy's place where we secured one of his little daughters to represent Beatrice Livingston, in her wild ride for life when she was being pursued by Geronimo and his band of red fiends. reaching the place where we had decided to start the race I gathered the little girl in my arms, put spurs to my horse, and away like the wind we went closely followed by the whooping savages. As we neared the Red Butts, where my father and Miss Lewis stood, the Indians fired volley after volley at me. I did not slacken my pace, but dashed madly on. Passing the Red Butts, I turned in my saddle and saw Miss Lewis

clap both hands over her face, as if to blot out the hor-

ror of the scene just presented before her vision.

I saw no more. How successful our plan had been I could not say. On reaching home I found Miss Lewis in a deep swoon. In the meantime my father told me all that had happened in the few minutes that had intervened from the time I had passed the Red Butts, until I arrived at the house. I took a seat by the bedside and watched my mother and sister as they restored her to consciousness. Almost an hour had elapsed before she opened her eyes. Looking around the room at each eager face that surrounded her, she exclaimed:

"Was it a dream? No, it could not be, for I saw him. My prayer is answered. Since coming here I have seen some familiar faces, and my surroundings tell me that I have lived here in the long ago. That name Livingston, how sweet it sounds in my ears! Who bore that name? Ah me! If I could only remember."

"You shall remember," I interrupted her, and she gazed at me for the first time. "Oh, Mr. Alden, I have prayed long for this hour. Thank God I have found you. It is all coming back to me. My eyes are at last opened to reality and the darkened shadows of the past are now aglow with light. I remember all!"

Thrusting her hand into the bosom of her dress she brought forth a tiny gold locket. Handing it to

me she said:

"Tell me, Mr. Alden, if the pictures contained in this locket are those of my parents?"

I opened the locket and there before my gaze was

revealed the face of Patrick Livingston and his beautiful wife, who had given up their lives that their daughter might live. Those faces brought back to me the neverto be forgotten memories of the past.

"Yes, Beatrice," I answered, "those are good like-

nesses of your parents."

"And who am I, Mr. Raymond?"

"Beatrice Livingston, their only child."

"Then God be praised!" exclaimed Mrs. Blake. "And it's happy I am this day to know that the mystery

in your life, Miss Livingston, is cleared away."

Before Beatrice Livingston was completely restored to health she was aware of every item of importance concerning her past life, and she was happy in the thought that she had found the honorable name which was hers, by right of inheritance. Each day she grew stronger and stronger, and towards the middle of October she was herself once more.

I had decided to return to Chicago when she was completely restored to health, and the time for me to depart was at hand. The morning before I was to start I asked Miss Livingston, my father and mother to come together so that I could tell them all about the Livingston estate as I wished to turn everything over to Beatrice Livingston, the rightful owner.

When we were all seated in the parlor of the little ranch house, I related my narrative from the time I had first met Patrick Livingston until the present day, and when I had finished my story I found my mother and Miss Livingston in tears, but they were happy ones and of short duration. When their agitation had abated Beatrice bade me call all of the men together who had served her father and my father so faithfully during all of those long years since her last visit to the ranch.

They answered the summons of their young mistress and appeared before her with uncovered heads. What a contrast! They so bronzed and grizzled, and she so fair and white. When they were all assembled she exclaimed: "My dear friends, as you have served my father and Mr. Raymond so faithfully all these years, I will present you with a token of my esteem. For your bravery in saving me from death at the hands of Geronimo and his fellow-bandits some years ago, accept this slight token of my lifelong gratitude," with these words handing each one a closed envelope containing a check for a goodly sum of money. "Should you all, in your old age, need more, come to me. My purse shall be open to you as long as I live. And to you, Mr. Raymond, I give all land, buildings and stock known as the Livingston Ranch."

My father protested against such munificent generosity, but Beatrice thought that all she could do for her life guardians in this world was of slight consideration in

comparison with what they had done for her.

Holding out her hands which I took in mine, she said: "Alden, I have nothing great and good enough to offer you for your faithfulness in keeping your promise to my dying parents. Nothing can ever pay the debt I owe you for your undying efforts to find me and to

restore me to my name and inheritance. Do you still have for your Beatrice the same feelings as formerly? Am I still to continue happy in the possession of your love? Are your words to me in the little garden of Notre Dame still the interpreters of your ardent love for Beatrice?"

"How shall I ever forget them? But they belong to the past. When I spoke of love it was to Marcia Lewis, and not to Beatrice Livingston. Do not mention those words; forget them; forget me. For what would the world say if the report should go out that Miss Beatrice Livingston, heiress, is engaged to marry Alden Raymond, pauper? The natural answer to such a question would be that you married me through gratitude, and I you for your wealth. Do not compromise your wealth and social position for unworthy Alden Raymond. You know that I love you, more as my ideal Beatrice Livingston than when I knew you as Marcia Lewis. I have always loved Beatrice, ever since the time I gathered her close to my heart in that wild ride for life, and I fear that the gulf which now separates us can never be bridged. With a little waiting you will find one more worthy of your love and esteem than Alden. Let the dead past bury its dead and let me be a brother to you."

At the earnestness of my words Beatrice grew grave

and said in tones of seriousness:

"Is this how you feel about our engagement? Then I must tell you what I think of it: Did you not make love and propose marriage to me, sir?"

"Yes," I answered.

"What was my answer to you, yes or no?"

"You answered yes," I replied.

"Very well, you have obtained my consent, and unless you keep your engagement, I shall have to institute a case of breach of promise against you."

A gentle smile of appealing tenderness lighted her assumed serious countenance. My father, my mother and Mrs. Blake catching the meaning of her words and the contagion of her loving smile, exclaimed all in one accord: "Beatrice and Alden, you were made for each other."

No sooner had these words reached our ears than Beatrice's white arms stole around my neck and her cherry lips pressed against mine.

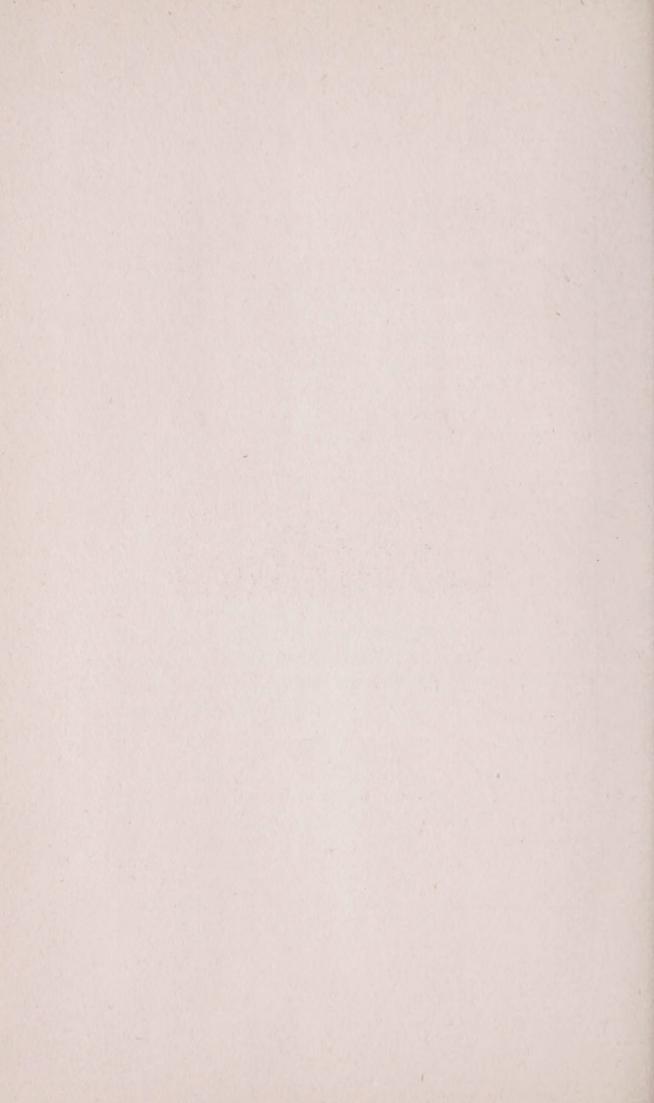
The rest is easy to guess and short to tell. Our wedding was set for January the nineteenth, two days

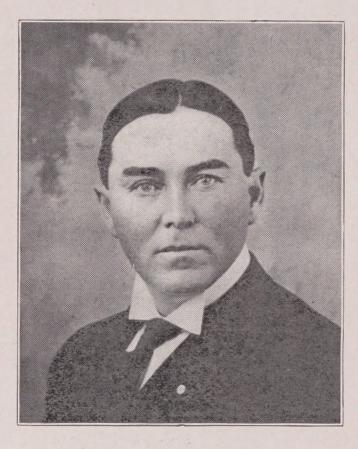
after Mr. Lewis' return from his trip to Europe.

We were married quietly in a small private chapel, at an early hour in the morning, and left the church to embark for our honeymoon trip on board a steamer bound for historic France.

## THE END.

H 5. 78





P. S. McGeeney.

## BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR SOON TO BE PUBLISHED.

"LORRAINE," A Historical romance of the South.

"THE VIPER," A Romance of New Orleans, Blending together North and South.

"HELEN KNOX of NASHVILLE." A Romance of the Spanish-American War.

"THE 4D RANCH," A Romance of the Indian Territory.

"THE POWER OF LOVE," A Double Romance.

Dedicated to Guadalupe Council No. 1050, Knights of Columbus, City of Mexico.

